

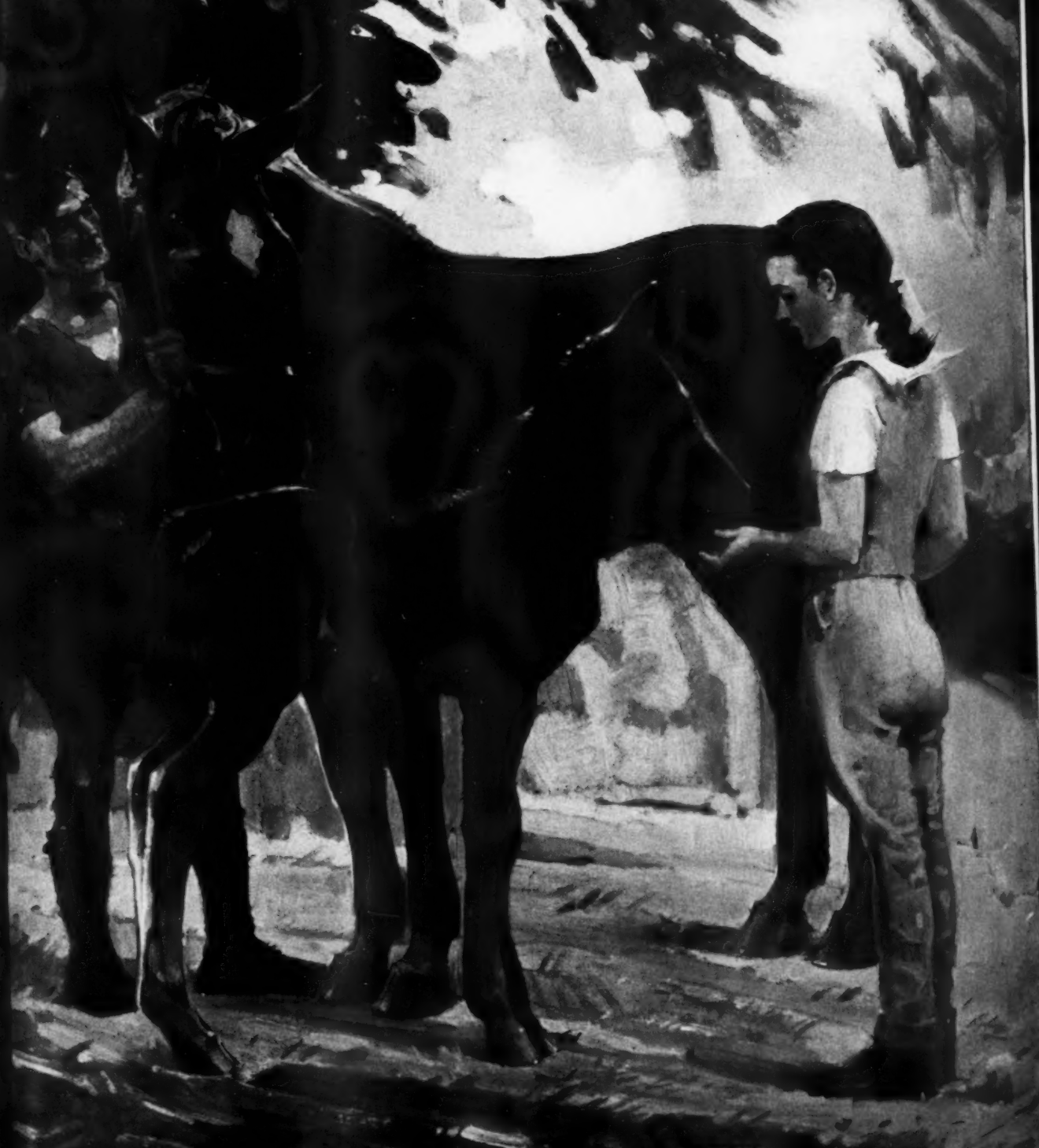
The American Girl

AUGUST

For All Girls

Published by the Girl Scouts

1942



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... for Christmas Projects—Uniforms—Equipment
Registration—Summer Camp or other purposes?

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—DORIS PICKERING,
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—PHYLLIS BRENNEMAN,
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—RUTH M. STALLINGS,
San Fernando, Calif.

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COUPON
TODAY**

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on a penny
postcard.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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note, see
page fifty*

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, L.
CHILD IN CHINESE COSTUME *Painted by* WILLIAM J. GLACKENS

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

AUGUST • 1942

CARGOES FROM CATHAY



IF YOU have ever motored up and down the New England coast, you will remember that everything gave you an impression of solidity. The rocky shore itself, the stanch houses that date back beyond the Revolution, the fields that have been literally torn out of the grip of the wilderness and fenced with their own boulders, all are matched by the people themselves, tough and vigorous from their generations of battle with the forests and the sea.

Perhaps you swung out of Salem around the little bay and turned toward Gloucester, where you soon came upon a gleaming white house with a broad view seaward. The shutters fastened back from the windows for the summer are bright blue and the lawn spreading down to the road is an apron of green velvet. Sweet William, marigolds, petunias, and such homey flowers grow in clumps and borders, and at the entrance to the driveway is a neat sign reading simply, "Tea."

As you enter the house you are welcomed by a slender little woman, her white hair smoothed back primly. Her face is wrinkled and weather-beaten, but her eyes are bright and merry. While she is getting the tea, you look about and again are reminded of the solidity of this New England country. The table is of heavy boards polished by age and careful housekeeping, not one piece of iron in its make-up, held together by clever mortises and wooden pegs. There are sturdy Windsor chairs and a massive rocker, its headrest covered with an antimacassar. Fitting into a corner is a triangular what-not, its half-dozen shelves full of native treasures. Then, on the wall beside it, something catches your eye and you go over for a closer look.

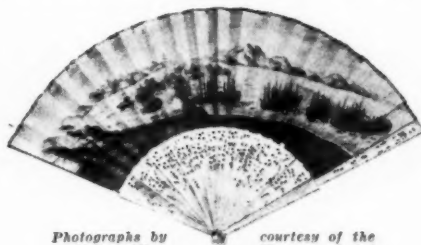


MODEL OF THE CHINA CLIPPER, "SEA WITCH"

A salute to China, the unconquerable, in appreciation for her many contributions of beauty and usefulness to our American life and art

By

RANDOLPH BARTLETT



Photographs by
Metropolitan

courtesy of the
Museum of Art

It is a fan of silk and ivory, but such a fan as you have never seen. The silk is painted with strange birds and flowers in delicate colors and fantastic designs. The sticks of the fan, from the silk to the end of the handle, are thin strips of ivory fashioned into lace as delicate as any needlework. Each of the sticks is carved so exactly that, when they open out, their design forms an ever-changing pattern, always perfectly symmetrical. The fan seems strangely out of place in its solid surroundings, an orchid in a sunflower patch.

The old lady comes in with the tea and answers your questions. Her great-grandfather was the captain of a clipper ship, trading with China out of Salem, early in the nineteenth century. The fan was a present he brought home, on one of his voyages, to a young lady he had been courting. Sure enough, she was still waiting for him, and perhaps it was the lovely fan that helped her to make up her mind, for she married him and they lived happily—if not ever after, at least for a long, long time.

The little woman remembered a great many Chinese things in the old family house in Salem, handed down to her grandparents by the captain. It was one of the first houses in Massachusetts to have wallpaper, and that came from China, long rolls of it, all hand-painted. And her grandmother had what people called a Spanish shawl, but it wasn't Spanish any more than

tea was Spanish, for it, too, came in the clipper ship from China where all the Spanish shawls came from then. But somehow things get scattered—given away, or broken, or sold. Of the Chinese treasures, only the fan was left, and she wouldn't part with it for all the money in the world.

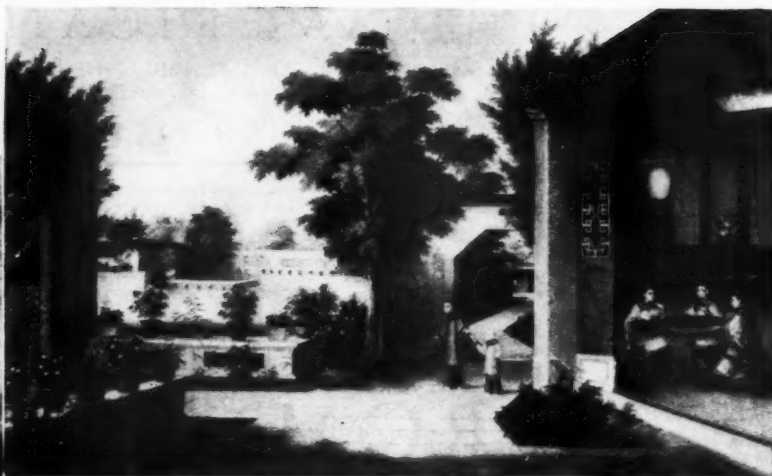
BELOW: A PORTRAIT OF HOUQUA, THE SENIOR HONG MERCHANT IN CANTON. IT WAS PAINTED IN CANTON ABOUT 1825 BY GEORGE CHINNERY, AN EMINENT ENGLISH ARTIST WHO PAINTED PORTRAITS OF MANY CHINESE DIGNITARIES



I had known about the early American trade with China, but only vaguely, as one knows about differential calculus and the Punic Wars. The incident of the old lady's great-grandfather and the silk-and-ivory fan suddenly brought a forgotten era to life. The interest awakened that day in the tea room led me into libraries and museums, and to dusty logbooks of the famous Yankee clippers. It was surprising to find how important this commerce was in the early history of the United States, and how it has left reminders everywhere of the influence of the art and culture of the Orient upon our solid and practical existence.

The first voyage of an American ship to China was that of the *Empress of China*, which sailed from New York on February 22, 1784, and did not get back until May 11, 1785—four hundred and forty-five days—taking the long route around the Cape of Good Hope and up past Java Head. It was an odd assortment of merchandise, according to our ideas today, that came home on that first venture of the *Empress of China*.

The list begins, in the quaint spelling of the ship's quartermaster, with "several ombrellas." There were hundreds of pairs of "sattin breeches," for which he paid fifty cents a pair in Canton. There was lacquered ware, by which he probably meant quaint boxes, chests, and cabinets. There were "ladies' silk mitts" and "a box of chow chow articles." The latter was not a shipment of

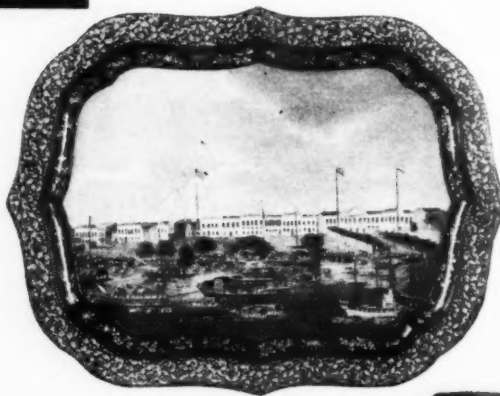


A NINETEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE ARTIST PAINTED THIS VIEW OF THE SPACIOUS COURTYARDS AND GARDENS BELONGING TO HOUQUA, THE WEALTHY MERCHANT OF CANTON

pickles. "Chow chow" was the Chinese term for a hodgepodge of assorted items, too numerous and unimportant to be listed separately, and from this, mixed pickles got their name. Even the English language was not free from the Chinese influence.

So the list goes on. In the cargo were silks and paper hangings and "sattin" shoes, silk window blinds mounted on bamboo, ginger, cassia and other spices—and tea.

The extent of the influence of Chinese trade upon the world is suggested in one word in particular. That word is "china." When we talk about dishes today, we habitually use the word "china"—incorrectly a good deal of the time. But it was from China that the European countries, and America



THIS LACQUERED TRAY DEPICTS THE FOREIGN FACTORIES, OR "HONGS," AND THE WATERFRONT OF CANTON ALIVE WITH BOATS

THE INFLUENCE OF CHINA WAS FELT IN FRANCE AS EVIDENCED BY THIS BLACK-AND-GOLD LACQUER SECRETARY, RICHLY ORNAMENTED IN ORMOLU. BUILT BY THE CABINETMAKER RIESNER IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, IT BEARS THE CIPHER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE FOR WHOM IT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY MADE



later, first obtained the finer kinds of table furnishings at prices which people of moderate means could afford. As early as the time of Queen Elizabeth, the English people began abandoning metal pans, wooden bowls, and heavy pottery for the Chinese ware. Collecting china became a hobby, like collecting butterflies and postage stamps, and in his play, "The Lover," Joseph Addison introduced this warning:

"There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for china, namely that it administers to them great matter of wrath and sorrow. I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a teapot or china cup."

It was not long before craftsmen of England and the Continent learned the secret of the Chinese, and factories in Staffordshire, Worcester, Derby, Leeds, and Lowestoft began making dishes equal, and often superior, to those imported from Canton. But still they were called "china" and will be to the end of time, whether they be Spode, Wedgwood, Royal Doulton, Minton, Limoges, or what-not.

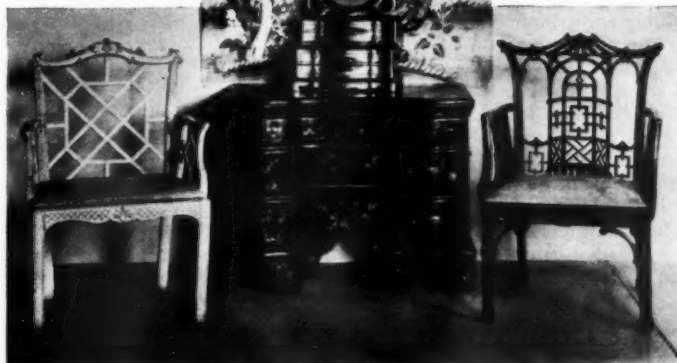
Who does not remember, for example, the famous "willow pattern" with which many of our grandmothers decorated the plate rails around their dining rooms? It is disappearing, ruined by popularity which caused cheap and ugly imitations to be turned out by the millions. But when it first came out of China, with its quaint, romantic design—a tableau elopement—it started a craze. For many years no home in England or America was considered complete without a set—or at least a few specimens. About forty years ago there was a popular song which ended:

*"Willow, willow, what would you say!
Just because you loved, you ran away,
And they set you out on table every day
In the middle of a willow plate."*

Until the American Revolution, these cargoes from Cathay came to this country by a devious and expensive route. Queen Elizabeth, as was the custom in those days, granted a monopoly in the trade with India and China to the English East India Company. As that was long before the Suez Canal, as we know it today, was built, the English ships went down the coast of Africa, across the Indian Ocean, and up the China coast, usually to Canton.



A TERRA COTTA FIGURE FROM EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VENICE



CHINESE HAND-PAINTED WALLPAPER, CHINESE CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS, AND BLACK-AND-GOLD LACQUER DRESSING TABLE AND LOOKING GLASS

Then they would return to England and, after the American colonies had been founded, whatever surplus the English vessels brought back would be shipped across the Atlantic. Those were leisurely days. If you lived in Boston and wanted something from China, you ordered it from the captain of one of the English ships. You might get it the next year, or it might arrive as a wedding gift for a grandchild—one never knew. American ship owners were prohibited, by the monopoly, from trading with China direct.

And this, of course, was one of the causes of the Revolution. Tea—for which, also, the world is indebted to China—could be bought in this country only from the company which held the monopoly, and because the source was under such perfect control, the English government had no difficulty in collecting a heavy tax on it. The objections by the Colonists to many injustices concentrated on the tea exaction, and the incident of the dumping of a cargo into Boston harbor resulted. In this way the China trade had a specific bearing upon the formation of this republic. And if you want to go back of that, even the discovery of America by Columbus was a by-product of an attempt to find a short route to the treasures of the Orient.

So general did the craze for *chinoiserie* (as it was called) become in the eighteenth century that a satirical poet, James Cawthorn, protested:

*"Of late, 'tis true, quite sick of Rome
and Greece,
'We fetch our models from the wise Chinese;
'European artists are too cold and chaste,
'For Mand'rin only is the man of taste.
'On ev'ry shelf a joss divinely stares,
'Nymphs laid on chintzes sprawl upon
our chairs;
'While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods
'Midst porcelain elephants and China
gods."*

One of the most noticeable developments in the English home as an outcome of the Chinese influence in the eighteenth century was a decided change in the style of furniture. Thomas Chippendale intro-

duced a lightness into the designs for chairs, without sacrificing strength. The lattice-work effect, which Chippendale used so frequently, is an obvious adaptation of a familiar feature of Chinese decoration. And in a recent exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York was a Chinese *chaise longue* which anyone would be glad to have (*Continued on page 30*)

ISLAND

WHAT'S the highest it has ever come up here in a flood?" Gail Spotswood spoke a little anxiously, staring out at the boiling torrent of brown water swirling past the cabin.

She had arrived only the day before, to spend the month of August with Polly Bassett on Wanapatchee Island—and both Polly and Les, her twin, had met her with the battered old station wagon, at the village of Clayton on the southern shore of the Wanapatchee River. On the long drive over to the Island, Gail had first learned that the river was rising—had been rising for the past three days—and that, except for this one back trail into town, the small settlement on the Island was practically marooned.

"But it's nothing to be scared about," Les had insisted, expertly fitting Gail's two suitcases into the back of the station wagon. "We have a flood every few years, and though it's a bit inconvenient at times, it really only means wetting some of the heavier pieces of furniture which can't be moved upstairs to the cabin loft. It's kind of fun, at that. You'll get a kick out of it."

"Maybe we ought to have wired you not to come," Polly had put in, settling herself behind the wheel as the other two slid into the wide front seat beside her. "But there's no real danger."

The station wagon, under Polly's skillful guidance, had brought them safely to the door of the long, roomy log cabin on the Island, where Gail was cordially welcomed by the twins' slim and energetic little grandmother, whom they had long ago christened "Gran-Nancy."

Gran-Nancy was so unconcerned about the flood that Gail lost her first qualms and was prepared to enjoy the adventure the novel situation offered. She and Polly Bassett had gone to school together, but this was Gail's first visit to the Bassetts' summer home. They had planned several times before that she should go to them, but always one thing or another had interfered and the trip had had to be postponed. This time, however, everything had gone smoothly, and she was actually here, on Wanapatchee at last, her suitcases packed with rough and ready sports things—slacks and sweaters and bathing suits, principally, because Polly had described these as the essentials—and her head crammed equally full of exciting plans.

Gail was an only child and she had been brought up without knowing any of the light-hearted "roughing it" the Bassett twins delighted in. Her mother had been a semi-invalid for years, so their summers were usually spent at a seashore hotel, and their winters in a city apartment. The young Bassetts' tales of their own free, active summers, with only Gran-Nancy—who never worried and was game for whatever the twins themselves cared about—sounded like a story to Gail, a wonderful story that couldn't, somehow, actually be part of everyday existence.

Neither Polly nor Les remembered their mother, and their father's business kept him traveling a great deal of the time,

so for the most part they had been dependent on each other and on Gran-Nancy. Apparently it had drawn the three very close together in affection and comradeship.

The Island, as Gail knew from the twins' vivid descriptions, offered excellent canoeing for several miles, up and down stream. The mainland, across the Wanapatchee River



to the west, had thrilling picnic sites and miles of rutty mountain roads which were, nevertheless, negotiable by the old station wagon. It was disappointing, therefore, to find the whole country in a state of flood, with the rain still coming down persistently.

"I'm sorry there won't be any of the gang on the Island this first week end, except Bill Hutchinson," Polly had apologized. "The Dennisons' cabin is closed this summer and the Aldriches are visiting some cousins in Maine. But they'll be back on Monday, and the Lucases will arrive to open their place in another five or six days—they're late this year. Then

ADVENTURE by MARJORIE MAXWELL

we'll get into real action—if this flood ever decides to go down.

That was on the evening of Gail's arrival; but this morning, when they awoke, it seemed to the city-bred girl that the river had risen alarmingly higher overnight.

It was at least ten feet over its banks now, and after break-

An exciting story of danger and courage when raging flood waters threatened an island house party

LES FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR UPON
TWO DRENCHED, FORLORN FIGURES



fast Les went down to their little landing and dragged the canoe higher up the slope. It was while he was making it fast to its new moorings that Gail had asked her carefully casual question about former flood levels.

Polly said, unconcernedly, "Oh, once we had to move our mattresses up to the loft to sleep. A little water seeped into the first floor and ruined some of the furniture coverings, as I told you. But it was only at this point on the Island, and it didn't do any real damage."

The wind blew a young gale all that day, lashing the rain against the windows with a sound almost like hail, and the

roughened, muddy flood that was gradually creeping up the long slope of the Bassetts' front yard had white crests now. By the time they sat down to supper that evening, everyone was aware that the storm outside was definitely increasing.

The front door creaked and each separate window sash rattled noisily. Occasional gusts of wind, accompanied by rain, blew down the wide chimney, scattering ashes into the room and making the fire hiss angrily.

Gail tried not to glance in nervous haste over her shoulder whenever the door shook under the wind's push. The others seemed so matter-of-fact about it, she was ashamed to be anything but calm, also.

It was when the meal was almost over, and Polly was just bringing in the big iced layer cake from the kitchen, that they heard the unexpected sound of hurrying steps on the porch outside.

Les sprang from his seat and dashed across the room to open the door. Wind and driving rain came in when he flung it wide, and with these, two drenched figures clutching raincoats about them.

Les slammed the door and shot the bolt. "Mrs. Hutchinson—Bill—is anything wrong?" he asked anxiously, and slipped a supporting arm about the smaller and slighter of the two visitors.

Gran-Nancy and Polly were both on their feet now, and in a moment Polly was unbuttoning Mrs. Hutchinson's streaming raincoat and settling her in a deep chair close to the blaze.

Bill, drawing a long breath, leaned against the door and stared with sober eyes at the group before him. Rain was streaming off his shoulders, and his tousled red hair was plastered close to his head. Gail noticed that there was something odd about the way he held his right arm, and that his face was drawn and white. It wasn't just that he was exhausted by his buffeting with the storm, she decided uneasily. That look meant physical suffering.

And then, without any warning, the boy slumped to the floor in a limp heap, his eyes closed and the pallor of his face assuming a new, alarming, grayish tinge. The twins were beside him in a flash, Polly bending over him solicitously while Les straightened the huddled figure to a more comfortable position.

Bill Hutchinson's eyes opened almost immediately, and he struggled to sit up, pushing away Polly's restraining arm.

Les, whose hands had been gently exploring, nodded to himself, his expression concerned. "It's this arm, feller, isn't it?" he asked. "Don't try to move for a few minutes. Here, Sis, help me slide his raincoat off, if you can, without joggling his right arm. There—now we can have a look."

Bill's lower lip was bitten tight between his teeth, but he permitted the other's examination stolidly. Mrs. Hutchinson, almost as pale as her son, came to kneel beside him.

Over Bill's red head, Les's eyes met his sister's, and his lips formed soundlessly, "Broken—I think."

"I'm all right, Les!" Bill said impatiently. He sat up,



THE BEAM FROM THE FLASHLIGHT REVEALED THE HEAVING BLACK WATER AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER, IN WHICH LES STOOD WAIST DEEP

and with Les's help he struggled to his feet. "Ran against a tree in the dark," he said briefly. "It's bad going, out there. But never mind about me now. There's serious news—Mother and I came to bring it. We've only a few minutes to get off the Island. You'll have to hustle, I'm telling you."

His voice rose a little on the words, and Les asked quietly, "River rising fast?"

Bill nodded. "Our first warning came over the radio," he told them. "The dam at Chesterville is expected to go out any minute. And you know that means we're directly in the flood's path. Then the telephone rang and the operator was broadcasting an order for everyone on the Island to get off fast. The line went dead in the middle of what she was saying, so it looks like the wires are down somewhere now. Can you take us with you?"

The Hutchinsons' was the only house on Wanapatchee Island which had a telephone, and messages for anyone in the little summer community were always relayed through them.

"Think we ought to go, Gran-Nancy?"

Les asked.

"The operator said everyone along the river must move," Bill urged. "There's nobody in the other cabins around here this week, so we came straight to you. Is the station wagon all right, Les? The operator said to get across the bridge fast before the water comes down, or we'll be trapped on the Island." He added, lowering his voice, "Our car's been out of commission for several days."

"Of course! Plenty of room," Les agreed, his eyes going about the room in an involuntary count of those present.

"Hunt warm coats and be at the door in two minutes, ready to start," Gran-Nancy broke in, her voice firm and executive. She might have been merely arranging a day's outing, for all the nervousness she displayed.

Gail, conscious of a tremor along her nerves, slipped her fingers in Polly's arm and followed her to the room the two girls shared. The two minutes Gran-Nancy had allowed them were barely up when they were back, wrapped in their raincoats with the light oilskin hoods pulled snugly up over their hair.

Les had gone outside to bring the station wagon around, and the rather tense group stood listening for the noisy engine of the old car.

When minutes passed and it did not come, Gail and Polly began to steal side-long, anxious glances at one another and then at Gran-Nancy's and Mrs. Hutchinson's quiet faces.

It seemed hours before the door opened again and a wet, bedraggled figure entered. Les had quite a struggle this time to get the door closed, so the storm outside must have been blowing harder than ever. And just before it did slam shut, Gail's quick ear had caught a new and terrifying sound of crashing water.

Les made a little gesture of defeat that tried hard to be casual. "'Fraid we can't make it, folks," he said. "The bridge is out. Dam must have gone already."

Gran-Nancy held her shoulders a little more determinedly as she took command of the situation. "Then we've no choice, so we'll just have to make the best of it here," she said. "It may not be bad. Remember, it's pretty flat for miles above here. That will give the flood a chance to spread out and break its force."

"I guess we'll do what we spoke of a while back," Polly added lightly. "Take our mattresses up to the loft for tonight."

"It's going to be an—an adventure," Gail grinned back, though her teeth were chattering.

"Atta-girl!" Les applauded, and reaching over with elaborate ceremony shook her hand with his own still wet one.

"Shall we begin collecting mattresses now?" she asked him.

"I'll attend to the mattresses," Les said. There was relief in his eyes as he studied her. "You girls carry some food up the ladder. If we're to be awake, maybe most of the night, we may get hungry. Gran-Nancy, where's the portable alcohol stove we use on rainy-day picnics? We can make hot cocoa on that for breakfast. Bill, you sit down and take it easy. There are enough of us to do whatever's necessary."

But first Mrs. Hutchinson, with Les's help, contrived crude

splints and a sling for her son's arm. Like Les, she was almost certain the bone was broken, but until they could get him to a doctor and an X-ray, home-improvised first aid must suffice. They found the elbow had been cut as well, but the wound looked clean so they sterilized it and bandaged it before putting the arm splints in place.

After that, it didn't take long to complete arrangements for the night in the loft. Mattresses, pillows, and blankets were carried up the ladder and arranged along the walls, somewhat on the principle of a school dormitory. A small table was hoisted up last of all, and the food and the little alcohol stove set out on it in readiness.

Les carefully put out the fire with ashes, in case the water did get to it, and rugs were rolled and carried upstairs, too, with all removable chair cushions and such small pieces of furniture as they could manage.

At length there was nothing more anyone could think of, and they drew the remaining chairs—minus cushions—about the banked but still warm hearth, and sat down to wait for the flood's next move.

It was Gail who saw it first—that slowly spreading black and shiny patch by the door. With a quiet move of one hand she called Les's attention to it. The flood had reached them and was making its first invasion of the cabin.

Gran-Nancy rose and beckoned to the girls and Mrs. Hutchinson. "Looks as if we'd better be climbing up to our new quarters, if we want to keep our feet dry," she said, and moved toward the ladder without haste.

The others started up the steep ascent, one at a time, Gail and Polly making a joke of helping Bill; Les, carrying a lighted lantern, came last. The lamps downstairs had all been extinguished as a precautionary measure and, with only the lantern to light the big loft, the shadows in the corners seemed deep and black.

For a while they talked back and forth cheerfully. From time to time one of the boys would stroll over to the ladder and by the lantern's light peer down into the darkness to note, if possible, how far the water had risen inside the cabin.

Each time they did this, the others would turn anxious eyes that way; at which Les or Bill—as it happened—would shrug a little and say carelessly, "Oh, maybe a *bit*!" And go back quietly to his blanket.

"I think, children, we ought to get some sleep," Gran-Nancy said finally. "Staying awake and worrying isn't going to make us particularly fit for tomorrow. I suppose it would be wise for one of us to be on watch in case of any—change."

A battery of earnest eyes challenged her.

"I'll do it, Gran-Nancy," Les said. "I'm not a bit sleepy, anyhow. And I promise to wake you all, at once, if it's necessary."

Gran-Nancy shook her head. "I know you would, son," she admitted. "Still, this is something we'd better take turns at, I think. You know I never go to bed early myself—when you arrive at my time of life you don't need much sleep. I'll sit right here and knit till around midnight. I brought my knitting up with me, on purpose. Then the girls can carry on for an hour or two, and Les can have the dawn watch."

"I'll keep you company," Mrs. Hutchinson offered. "But I do wish that, like you, I'd thought to bring my knitting."

"There's another sock in my bag," Gran-Nancy offered hospitably.

Gail's mattress happened to be the one nearest the open trap door, and in the quiet that followed she could hear distinctly the lapping of water downstairs.

Outside, the storm continued to mount in violence. The wind howled about the roof and rattled the sashes with the solid impact of some physical thing. Now and then something heavy struck the cabin—a floating tree, perhaps, hurled against it by the flood. None of the sounds could be called reassuring.

"I wonder," Gail reflected, stirring uneasily under her blanket, "how substantial the cabin's foundations are? And how much more flood is coming?" Which was not reassuring to think about, either.

Yet in spite of these anxieties she must have fallen asleep after a while, for the next thing she knew, she awoke to find the loft in complete darkness, except for a shaft of moonlight across her blanket. The lantern had probably burned out quite recently, for there was a strong, smoky smell in the place. Through the small window over her head she could make out, to her surprise, a pale half-moon floating above the treetops. She sat up, and stared. *The storm was over.*

Someone moved, not far away, and the next moment Les had sat down cautiously beside her, and in the watery moonlight filtering through the window she could see that he had one finger at his lips.

"I was just wondering if I could manage to wake you, without your exclaiming or calling out so the others would

hear," he whispered. "It's my sentry go. Polly took over from Gran-Nancy at twelve—it's nearly four o'clock now."

"But why didn't someone call me?" Gail asked in distress. "I wanted to do my share, Les—honestly, I did."

"That's all right," Les said. "You're going to have your chance now. Look, Gail, you've been such a good sport about everything to-night, I wonder if I can count on you for something now. Bill's out of commission, you know. And Polly would worry so if she knew I was going."

"Going!" Gail repeated, startled

but remembering to pitch her voice as low as his own. "Going—where, Les?"

"For help," the boy told her soberly, glancing over his shoulder toward the high window and the moon. "The rain's over, you see, and it's almost morning. But we don't know that the river won't keep on rising. And there's the canoe, you remember. I tied it fast, bow and stern, to the porch posts. It was too risky while the rain and wind were both so strong, but now—with that moon to show me where I'm going—I can drift down with the (Continued on page 31)

The Toilers

By ELIZABETH ELLEN LONG

Just who the creatures are that all day long
Ply their small saws with so much industry
I cannot say, or whose the narrow song
Scraping away at silence carefully.

By no amount of searching on my part
Have I contrived to meet them face to face,
Or yet discovered in old Summer's mart
Their busy stall, their leafy working-place;
And I shall never know if with just pride
They go in denim clad, or discontent—
Jealous of idle butterflies who ride
Their way each day, serenely indolent—
Or if with greater wit than men possess
Prefer their humble toil to idleness.



Mary Lewis--

CREATOR OF FASHIONS



ON Fifth Avenue, New York, in the smart Fifties, is a sunny shop. On its door is the simple legend, "Mary Lewis." But behind that shop is a story—a typical American story of a great success from small beginnings.

Mary Lewis was born in Louisville, Kentucky, to the tradition of charming clothes and gallant beaux. The first dress she remembers distinctly was one she insisted on making for herself, at the age of eight—a dazzling swirl of white drop-stitch lawn with ten billowing ruffles. "Indeed I remember it," says Miss Lewis. "I not only made it, but I had to wash and iron it, all ten ruffles!"

If this were a fairy tale, no doubt the path of destiny would lead from that dressmaking triumph straight through the years to the legend on that Fifth Avenue shop. But this is a real life story, and in between lie many years of hard work and a fair share of heartaches.

When Mary was thirteen, the Lewis family moved to New York and the young girl attended public schools and an art institute. Next came work in an insurance company, a brief period with a decorator, and in 1917, a job in the furniture department of R. H. Macy & Co. It was a humble job, paying about twelve dollars for a long and tiring week's work, but at least it was more interesting than typing and filing insurance policies. Here at last was a place where imagination and ideas counted. To Mary Lewis, furniture was more than wood and upholstery, it was the stuff that homes and

dreams are made of. In school, the subjects that interested her most had been English and art, and she had decided ideas, for one of her years, about both. After her long day's work behind the upholstery counter, evening found her at night school, studying design.

Thanks to an old schoolmate who already had a good toe hold in Macy's Advertising Department, some of Mary Lewis's ideas were relayed to the powers-that-be, and presently her salary was increased to eighteen dollars and she was allowed to try her hand at designing furniture. Despite the fact that her furniture designs were not especially noteworthy, many of her suggestions for display and merchandising showed real imagination. Her superiors began to notice "that little Miss Lewis" and presently came a chance to move upstairs and write advertising for the Home Furnishing Department.

Her first piece of advertising copy illustrated two things characteristic of Mary



A TWO-BUTTON BEAUTY IN RAYON CREPE WITH FLATTERING NECKLINE, TRIM WAIST, AND GRACEFUL FRONT PLEATS. A MODERATE-PRICED DRESS DESIGNED BY MARY LEWIS FOR THE SEARS ROEBUCK FALL LINE. RIGHT: RAYON GABARDINE CULOTTES IN RED OR AQUA—PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WEAR. FROM MARY LEWIS'S OWN SHOP



Lewis—her intuitive sense of trends and a flair for expressing them in apt phrases. American industry was already beginning to realize that when the first World War was over an exhausted Europe would mean a wonderful opportunity to replace goods, formerly imported, with American merchandise. So when Mary Lewis suggested that American summer homes might well use furniture "made-in-America," the idea struck a responsive note. Not only did the advertisement sell a lot of furniture, but Macy was congratulated in newspaper editorials on having chosen an excellent and timely advertising theme.

It was then 1918 and, as more and more men employed by Macy went off to the war, Mary Lewis wrote copy not only for Home Furnishings, but for more and more Macy departments.

A career article about one of the most successful business women in New York—designer of fashions for the teen age

So brilliantly did she do it, so fast her reputation grew, that presently Best & Co. offered her the position of copy chief, and made her, a few months later, Advertising Director of the whole store.

At Best's, Miss Lewis first achieved recognition as a stylist and merchandise manager. Best's was already famous for its children's clothes, so the new stylist decided to devote special attention to clothes for the young girl, the "sub deb." Often in her experience she had observed those tearful conflicts over the dresses Daughter wanted and the dresses Mother wanted her to have—the snaky black *decolleté* versus round neck and ruffles.



TATTERSALL CHECKS IN A BACK-TO-SCHOOL DRESS MADE OF A NEW COTTON FABRIC THAT FEELS LIKE SHEER WOOL. IT HAS THE INSERT WAISTBAND, CASUAL COLLAR, AND FULL SKIRT THAT ARE SO GENERALLY BECOMING

With unerring instinct, she proceeded to create colorful and exciting fashions for teen-age girls that both daughters and mothers approved, such all-American favorites as the dirndl skirt, the silver-buttoned suit, the cloche hat, and play clothes of blue denim. The shirt-maker dress introduced by Best & Co. grows more popular every year and has become almost a uniform for many women, bobbing up season after season in new versions.

As might be expected, mothers, shopping with their daughters, grew frankly envious of the new styles for girls and clamored for similar styles in women's sizes. From this demand came Miss Lewis's inspiration for the "mother-and-daughter" fashions so dear to the hearts of young mothers and their small fry. She is credited, too, with bringing cottons out of the kitchen and into the ballroom, and she helped young America rediscover a secret of her own youth—the romance and flattery of crisp, fresh cotton dresses for sultry summer days and evenings.

(Continued on page 33)

By LAURA ELLSWORTH



LEFT: A SHIRTWAIST DRESS IN CLOVE BROWN, AIR FORCE BLUE, OR LAUREL GREEN CORDUROY WITH ALL THE FINE DETAIL WORK THAT MAKES THIS TYPE THE FAVORITE OF TEEN-AGE GIRLS. RIGHT: TRIM CORDUROY JUMPER IN FLAG RED OR LAUREL GREEN WITH TAILORED SHIRT. BOTH SEARS ROEBUCK



A GOWN *for* QUEEN CAROLINE

WHEN Mary Jones of Wormsloe plantation, in General Oglethorpe's new colony of Georgia, was questioned by her little brother about the massacre at Fort Moosa, she said only, "It was a surprise attack," and tried to change the subject.

But Inigo had heard talk of that tragic occurrence from the plantation hands. Turning obstinate, he demanded all the details. "If you don't tell me," he threatened, "I'll ask one of Father's scouts. I'll ask William McIntosh what happened."

The idea of young William, with his steady gray eyes and grim mouth, living all over again what he had gone through at Fort Moosa in order to satisfy the curiosity of an inquisitive little boy, was just too much. Mary said, "You can't do that! His father was in command. Everyone but William was massacred. They were caught off guard in the night by the Spaniards and Indians, and the fort was burned."

Inigo glanced at their own little wooden fort with its four pounder trained on the narrows of the river. "Do you think we'll get caught off guard, too?"

"Of course not. That's why Father arranged for scouts to patrol the river and woods, day and night, and sleep in huts near the fort."

"Because I don't want to be massacred," Inigo explained with a burst of unmanly tears.

"Oh, stop!" Mary said almost crossly. Then she relented, held a sisterly handkerchief to his unhappy nose, and offered to impersonate Mr. John Wesley to cheer him up.

Mary's impersonations were famous around the plantation for good-humored fun, so Inigo's face brightened. "And do Meletatche, too," he urged. (Meletatche, chief of the friendly Creeks who had smoked the peace pipe with General Oglethorpe, was half brother to Polly Musgrove, a half-breed girl of thirteen whose mother worked on the plantation.) "Yes, and do Shoo-fly, the way she acts with the silkworms."

Mary nodded. So the little boy scampered away and re-

turned with Polly and a half dozen plantation pickaninnies of assorted sizes. Not a large audience, but Inigo had forgotten about Fort Moosa, which was what Father would have wanted.

First Mary impersonated meek Mr. Wesley, all blissful embarrassment at leading the singing of one of his own hymns. Then she stuck a feather in her hair and, with portentous dignity, acted out the way that Meletatche had sampled his first Yorkshire pudding. The younger children loved her expressive blend of Indian civility and distaste—"Plenty heap

good. Ugh!"—but Polly, with her freckly English skin and coarse black braids, watched with a frown. Meletatche was her half brother; besides he was a chief, the head of many warriors. She liked that impersonation least of all, though she smiled grimly when Mary mimicked Shoo-fly with the silkworms.

Shoo-fly herself giggled. She was a lighthearted little ducky. Her brief red pinafore was a compromise between her mother's African idea of comfort and Miss Mary's English sense of propriety. She regarded Mary's silkworms as her "chillens," though she knew

her habit of talking to them when she fed them was plum foolish.

Mary was just saying in Shoo-fly's very tone, "Dat's right, chillens, stuff yo'selves and git strength. You is got a powerful lot of spinnin' to git through before bedtime, you sho is!" when she heard the *klip-klop* of horses' hoofs, and her father and her brother Wimberley came riding up the long white driveway.

Both were busy doctors, and after their daily round of grim faces, it was pleasant to see so many cheerful ones. "Yi, yi," yelled the pickaninnies, and ran to take their horses.

One of the nicest features of colonizing was an unexpected family reunion, Mary thought. Often their duties as members of the militia kept Father and Wimberley absent from Wormsloe for weeks. They were especially busy now when so many of the colonists were laid up with malaria and needed their

How a brave girl saved her home and its hidden treasure from raiding Indians—an exciting story of early Georgia, based on a historic incident



OUT OF BREATH AND PANTING, WILLIAM POINTED TO THE RIVER

by JANE DARROW

Illustrated by DOROTHEA COOKE

ministrations. The field workers had had a dreadful time getting used to the climate, especially those who had spent long, idle months in chilly English prisons.

Tonight Mary thought her father looked tired, as the Joneses sauntered the short distance to the house, Mary between Father and Wimberley in the blue gown she had dyed herself with dye made from their own indigo plants.

"And how's my mocking bird?" her father asked, smiling down at her.

"Or red-headed woodpecker," suggested Wimberley, giving one of Mary's auburn curls a light tweak.

"Sapsuckers have red heads, too," Inigo hurried to point out, "only that's not a nice name for Mary." And then they all laughed.

Certainly there was no scarcity of birds to choose from, if you were looking for one with which to compare a pretty, bright-haired girl. The whole plantation was gay with trills and flitting wings.

"Wormsloe attracts birds," Mary remarked, watching the flight of a parakeet. "They think they're invited to dinner. I shall have to be careful to keep the door of the silkworm cabin closed."

The Joneses went in to their own dinner of baked oysters and yams that Shoo-fly's mother had prepared. She wasn't a slave—there were no slaves in General Oglethorpe's Georgia Colony. Every settler was allotted a piece of ground to develop for himself and his family; and some of them, like Captain Jones, had been given large grants by the King.

When they were eating their grape preserve, Father said, "The General thinks we should have a new fort. A thirty-foot one, with walls at least eight feet high and made of tabby."

"There, Inigo," Mary said, "isn't that splendid?"

But Inigo expressed doubt. He was fond of the family cat, but it appeared she was safe. "Tabby" was just a name for crushed oyster shells bound with lime. They laughed about the number of oysters they would all have to eat in order to have enough shells to build such mighty walls for Wormsloe's defense.

Wormsloe—the name always bothered Mary. In spite of her interest in silk culture, she couldn't help feeling that her father, who was General Oglethorpe's friend and adviser, could have found a more pleasing name for the family home.



"Camellia," for instance. Along the inlets there were hundred of bushes of camellias and azaleas and rhododendrons. In April bloom they were so beautiful, you caught your breath. They were like whole galaxies of fragrant white or pink stars. But any season was lovely. The place was a natural grove of palmettos, and live oaks whose branches dripped long, ghost-gray streamers of Spanish moss. The lush flats, through which a slow river moved to the sea, were called *savannahs*.

Some day, instead of a few scattered cabins at the southern end of the Isle of Hope, the Joneses would have a house that did honor to its surroundings, a house with a wide, two-story veranda supported by white columns, and cool, high-ceiled rooms where the few fine pieces of furniture they had brought from England could be set to advantage—a home suitable for the relatives of Inigo Jones, who had designed the magnificent banqueting hall at Whitehall Palace in London. Mary was pleased that Father had given the great man's name to her younger brother. It made England seem less remote.

The Scottish settlers, below on the Altamaha River, remembered home ties, too—that was why they had named their settlement New Inverness. They were a sturdy people. Whenever the Spaniards and their dreaded allies, the fierce Seminole Indians, invaded Georgia, they could be counted on to fight bravely under General Oglethorpe.

William McIntosh wasn't the only Scottish youth who had served with the militia during the Spanish invasion, but Mary felt there weren't any who had been through more fearsome adventures. After the burning of Fort Moosa, the wonder was

how William had ever found his way back through unfamiliar country, with enemies all about, to his own settlement. He couldn't have been more than thirteen at the time—and the distance was more than a hundred miles. Her brother Wimberley understood that a friendly Indian had helped him, but he had never talked about it with William. Only Inigo would have suggested such a thing.

Father said he considered William McIntosh, young as he was, his best scout. All of his scouts had been chosen with care because Wormsloe, at the southern end of the settlement, occupied a strategic position at the Colony's back door. Its fort, looking down the narrows of the Skidaway River, had to be strong against attack. That was why a stronger fort was more important than a finer house. And next to protection came the importance of getting for Georgia—if possible without resorting to slave labor—a crop as satisfactory as Carolina cotton.

Silk culture had been Father's idea from the first. If China could produce silk successfully, why shouldn't Georgia? He wanted Wormsloe some day to be known as the center of a thriving industry, and he planned accordingly. The trees he planted were mulberries, the kind silkworms feed on. In China women and girls took care of the silkworms, he told his daughter.

"A whole cabin for the silkworms, all to themselves—with a fireplace each end and trays for them to dine on, and unlimited service! Why, Father, it's like Whitehall," Mary had said, laughing.

But if the silkworm cabin was named "Whitehall" in fun, Mary took silk culture seriously. It was fascinating work. There wasn't much time to worry about anything else. The delicate grubs had to be cared for and coddled and fattened like babies. And like babies they needed frequent feedings. Instead of milk, they lived on fresh mulberry leaves. Then, after making their own swaddling clothes—those yards and yards of silk fiber—they made, too, the cocoon cradles in which they went to sleep. By that time they were full grown—such white, ethereal, ladylike creatures that it seemed an insult to call them worms.

When the spinning was over and the precious silk fiber was wrapped close around each tired sleeper, it was necessary to kill the worms by plunging all the cocoons in hot water, except the few kept for seed. And as Mary early discovered, unless the silk cocoons in which the worms had been killed were kept separate from the live seedlings, all previous work went for nothing. The live worms soon ate their way out and were not above nibbling the precious fiber of the other cocoons.

She was glad she had this absorbing interest when it became necessary for the Captain and Wimberley to ride away from the Colony and help repel a marauding band of Florida Spaniards. In their absence, Mary made up her mind to establish a reputation for Wormsloe with her silk industry. She had chosen as her helpers sullen Polly Musgrove and happy-hearted Shoo-fly, and the three girls worked as diligently as their own honeybees—for bee culture was carried on at Wormsloe, also.

Once Mary overheard Shoo-fly's mother sound a note of warning, tinged with superstition. "Honey," Mammy had said to her daughter, "don't take no hand with the killin'. Hit's bad luck to kill spiders."

"Dey isn't spiders, Mammy. Dey is worms."

"I never heard tell o' worms dat spun, chile. Hit's spiders dat spins."

"Silkworms spins, too, Mammy."

"Den dey isn't true fish-bait worms."

Shoo-fly tried a story. (Continued on page 49)

INIGO AND SHOO-FLY WATCHED MARY'S BUSY FINGERS COUNTING THE COCOONS



HOW *the* LITTLEST OWL CAME

IN THE beginning, the Great Spirit made this world and all the creatures in it for His pleasure. Last of all, He created the Gitchee Okokohoo, the mighty owl, the biggest of all living things—so big that he could not find a tree big enough to perch on. He had to sit on the top of a high mountain and let his tail hang down into the valley far below.

The Gitchee's song, when he rumbled in his throat, was like a mighty river plunging down a canyon. It made the rocks around him shiver; and when he used the full power of his voice, the earth trembled, the leaves were shaken from the trees, and the rocks around were split asunder.

Now, no creature ever has seen, or could see, the Great Spirit. But when His symbol and emblem, the Sun, comes up in the morning, it is the duty and joy of all living beings to sing a song of praise in recognition of His glory. The Gitchee Okokohoo had a wonderful song that he sang each morning in honor of the miracle of sunrise. He rejoiced in his hymn of praise. He gloried in the power of his voice, for he knew that no other voice on earth could compare with it.

Yes, he knew that, and soon he thought too much about it. Each day the idea became more pleasing to him, until finally he came to believe that he was the only Sun-singer worth hearing. He grew proud, arrogant, puffed up, and at length he forgot the Great Spirit.

The Gitchee still sang his sunrise song; but just as often as not, he faced the other way when the glory came into the sky. Yes, he utterly forgot the Great Spirit.

Nana-bo-jou, who is the Chief Wonder-Worker under the Great Spirit, resolved to teach the Gitchee a lesson.

First, he called Blue Jay. He always calls Blue Jay when there is mischief to be done. Nana-bo-jou instructed Blue Jay fully, and Blue Jay flew away over to the mountain that towered above the trees, the mountain which was the favorite perch of the mighty owl.

There sat the Gitchee with his back to the sunrise, rumbling in his chest so all the rocks around were shivering with the power of his song, and the trees were smitten as with thunderbolts.

Blue Jay flew to the top of the mountain. There he rested a little, then he flew to the top of the tallest tree. He rested again for a little time; then he flew up close to the ear of the Gitchee Okokohoo. When he had got his breath, he shouted as loud as he could, "Gitchee! Gitchee! Gitchee Okokohoo! You think you are making a wonderful noise, don't you? But



"YOU THINK YOU ARE MAKING A WONDERFUL NOISE!" SAID THE BLUE JAY

*Blue Jay helps Nana-bo-jou take down the pompous owl to his proper size.
An Indian creation tale*

by

JULIA M. SETON

Illustrated by
ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



you should hear Niagara! That would take the conceit out of you. If you could hear Niagara just once, you would never try to twitter again."

That made the Gitchee furious, to have his wonderful voice called a twitter. He ruffled up his feathers in anger. "Where is this Niagara?" he shouted. "Show him to me. I'll go and kill him with the power of my voice."

Blue Jay replied sweetly, "Oh, it's easy to find him. You fly north to the Great River, then up to the Big Beaver Pond. Go to the sunset end of that, and turn toward the noon sun. There you will see a column of steam going up. That comes out of his lodge. And there you will find Niagara—if you are not afraid to meet him."

"I'll go right now," blustered the Gitchee.

"Well," said Blue Jay, "if there is going to be any fun, I'll go, too."

The Gitchee spread his mighty wings and sped away, and Blue Jay fluttered after. The Gitchee did not seem to be going very fast, but soon Blue Jay was left behind.

He took a deep breath and made a mighty effort to catch up. When he was within hearing, he screamed, "Hold on, Gitchee! Hold on! You have left something behind, something very important."

The great Gitchee halted, then bawled out, "What did I leave behind?"

"Why, you left me, you big idiot! But we are both here now," exclaimed Blue Jay, as he jumped on the back of the Gitchee's neck. "Now, go ahead."

Away flew the Gitchee, guided by Blue Jay, northward until they struck the great river that we call the St. Lawrence. Westward up the river he flew until he came to the great beaver

pond that we call Lake Ontario; then on near the sunset end of that.

Suddenly Blue Jay shouted in the Gitchee's ear, "Now look toward the noon sun."

The Gitchee looked southward, and saw far away a great column of steam going up.

"That's it," cried Blue Jay. "That comes out of Niagara's lodge. He's at home, all right."

So the great Gitchee flew southward and up the Grand Gorge, until at last he came to the wonderful Falls of Niagara. On the great rock that sticks out from the Canadian side, he alighted. Blue Jay flitted off to one side, and from a low branch he prepared to anger the Gitchee.

When the Great Spirit created Niagara Falls, He said to it, "Flow on forever." The mighty (Continued on page 42)

Favorite COLD DRINKS



LET'S start with a hot afternoon when everyone is thirsting for a cold drink—and you have just found that sugar rationing has left not a speck of extra sugar in the house! It's a problem, sure enough, and how are you going to handle it? There will be a lot of hot days this summer when the same situation will arise.

Sugar rationing, as a matter of fact, affords you a grand chance to live up to your Girl Scout motto. If you clip out these recipes for sugarless beverages and paste them in your handy cooking scrap-book, you will "be prepared" to whip up a cold and refreshing drink any time the thermometer takes a leap upward. You can sweeten it with honey, corn syrup, maple syrup, or fruit syrup, and you won't even miss the sugar.

First we'll give you ten general hints on beverage-making:

1. Do not make cold drinks too sweet. A syrupy-sweet drink will only make you more thirsty than before, while a slightly tart lemonade or punch will be refreshing. For this reason, many of the recipes in this article do not specify the amount of sweetening needed; you can stir in a little at a time until you have just enough to suit your taste.

2. A pinch of salt will help to bring out the flavor of a fruit or vegetable drink, and will also cut down the amount of sweetening needed for the former.

3. Carbonated or "soda-pop" drinks should always be served as soon as they are mixed, while they are still bubbly. If you use only part of a bottle of carbonated beverage, it isn't necessary to let the rest go flat. You can buy a special bottle-

JANE WITHERS EXPECTANTLY TIMES THE BANANA MALTED MILK THAT IS BEING WHIPPED UP IN HER MIXER

Twentieth Century-Fox



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



MICKEY'S FAVORITE DRINK IS A CHOCOLATE SODA



United Artists

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, WHOSE LATEST PICTURE IS "MISS ANNIE ROONEY," MIXES UP AN ORANGE EGG-NOG IN HER ELECTRIC BEATER

cap to keep the "fizz" from escaping.

4. Mint is a refreshing addition to cool summer drinks. If you haven't any in your yard, plant a sprig or two under one of your yard faucets. The occasionally dripping water will make it grow luxuriantly, and it will always be handy for your punch or lemonade.

5. Keep lemons, oranges, and limes in your fruit bin, handy for drinks. Citrus fruit has its highest vitamin content if it is squeezed as it is needed.

A good way to make ice-cold orange juice, without having it diluted too much by melting ice, is to put your oranges in the refrigerator several hours before you are ready to cut and squeeze them.

6. Keep several cans of your favorite fruit and vegetable juices in your refrigerator, ready for use at any time. It is also a good idea to have a bottle or two of root beer, ginger ale, or other carbonated beverage on hand for punch or "company" drinks.

7. Keep the ice cube trays in your refrigerator full.

8. Keep a jar of fresh water in the refrigerator, so you will always have ice-water for mixing your drinks. If you are expecting to prepare enough punch to serve many persons, you should put enough extra quarts of water in the refrigerator several hours before you will need them.

9. Save the syrup drained from canned and preserved fruits. They are delicious when used to sweeten and flavor plain lem-

of the YOUNG STARS

Thirsty for a long, cool, refreshing drink? Then try these sugarless recipes, favorites with the young Stars

by HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

JUDY GARLAND IS FOND OF DELICIOUS HAWAIIAN BUTTERMILK. BE SURE TO TRY HER RECIPE

onade or punch. Syrup from canned pears, peaches, apricots, cherries, or pineapple is especially good.

10. Honey, corn syrup, or sugar (if you have it) may be stirred "as is" into a drink for sweetening. For quicker dissolving, however, you may prefer to mix them with boiling water to make a syrup. Make up one or two cupfuls of this sweetening syrup ahead of time, and keep it in a covered jar in the ice box ready for use.

DILUTED CORN SYRUP

Use the white (clear) corn syrup. Dissolve 1 cup corn syrup in 1 cup boiling water. Cool, store in refrigerator.

HONEY SYRUP

A light, mild-flavored honey is best for fruit drinks. Add 1 cup boiling water to 1 cup honey, stir well, and store in refrigerator until needed.

SUGAR SYRUP

1 cup sugar boiled several minutes with 1 cup boiling water. (You will probably prefer to use the diluted corn syrup, or the honey syrup, unless you are ahead in your sugar rations.)

With these ten hints tucked away in your minds, let's look at the beverage recipes contributed by your favorite young movie stars. Deanna Durbin, who is a real chocolate fan, offers you her recipes for chocolate syrup, and also two delicious drinks which can be made from chocolate syrup:

Universal Pictures



BABY SANDY GETS VITAMINS AND ENJOYMENT FROM A BIG GLASS OF COLD FRUIT JUICE



HONEY OR MAPLE CHOCOLATE SYRUP
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa or grated chocolate $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 cup honey or maple syrup (undiluted) 1 cup boiling water

Pour a little of the boiling water over the cocoa, stirring to make a smooth paste. Slowly add the rest of the hot water, then the salt and honey (or maple syrup). Let simmer over a low fire for 5 minutes, cool, then pour into a pint jar. Cover, and keep in the refrigerator until needed.

CHOCOLATE CORN SYRUP
 1 teaspoon vanilla $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa or
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups corn syrup (undiluted) grated chocolate
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water

Put the cocoa into a saucepan and add the boiling water gradually, stirring to a smooth paste. Slowly add the corn syrup, and when hot simmer an additional 3 to 5 (Continued on page 46)

DEANNA DURBIN TAKES DOWN GLASSES TO SERVE HER GUESTS WITH LEMONADE

Universal Pictures





COTTAGE

SEATED beside her faithful pal, Slim Oliver, on the narrow seat of his open jallopy, Dilsey Mercer gazed up at the trees which hung in festoons above the woody cart track. They seemed to droop in the lifeless heat of the August morning. In sunlit meadow spaces beyond, orange-tawny butterflies flitted aimlessly, touching as if at random now a purple thistle and now the lace parasol of a wild carrot. The roadside weeds, high as a man's shoulder, steeped in summer sunshine, gave off pungent fragrance.

Standing on the running board—there was no room inside—rode Dilsey's brother Stan, a tall figure with red hair rising in a crest from his forehead. The three were on the way to Riverhead, a few miles out of Martinstown, for a cooling bath at the swimming-hole.

"I'm awtully happy this morning, Slim," Dilsey confided. "And I'll say it's the first time this week. We're so messed up at our house, with Daddy sick and all."

"He'll be better," Slim assured her. "Poison ivy is nothing dangerous."

"Yes, but it always gets me down when anybody's sick in the family, I mean. The house seems so gloomy—and I've been kind of lonely, too. I wish the Merriams would come home. They've been away nearly a month. Don't you miss them awfully? I went by their place yesterday and it gave me such a lonely feeling to see all the shutters closed. Duke was in the yard, and did he look forlorn! They left him next door with Miss Stebbins, you know."

"Good old Duke!" Slim commented understandingly.

"Anyway, there's one thing I'm proud of," Dilsey went on after a moment of contented silence. "I've been watching my step lately about—well, you know, about blunders. And I haven't done a single crazy thing since Daddy's been sick. Don't you think that's pretty good for me? Maybe I'm outgrowing being a family liability." She twisted her head and peered up at her brother. "Even Stan couldn't get anything on me this week, could you, Stan?"

Stan stared ahead grimly. "I'm not committing myself," he said.

As the car approached the grassy clearing on the bluff which overhung the little river, Dilsey hugged the gay cotton beach-bag which she carried. "There's a surprise in here,



"NO, NOT THAT WAY, DILL!" PROTESTED SLIM. "RELAX. TAKE IT EASY. THAT'S BETTER! HOLD IT!"

Cheese

by MARY AVERY GLEN

Illustrated by ROBB BEEBE



When Slim Oliver snapped Dilsey's picture in her smart bathing suit, neither could foresee the complications that would ensue

Slim! A brand new bathing suit that's never been in the water. Hope you like it."

"Bet it's easy to look at!" Slim responded, turning the wheel adroitly. His eye was on a menacing stone in the road ahead.

In the shelter of a tumbledown shack among the tree trunks it took Dilsey but a few moments to slip into her suit, while the boys donned theirs in a near-by clump of cedars.

"Say, that's all right, Dill!" Slim approved as they ran down the bank, eyeing Dilsey's new bathing outfit. "It suits you fine!" He added quickly, forestalling her impetuous dash to the water, "Wait a minute, before you muss it up! Let me run back and get my camera out of the car!"

"There!" he said, returning a little out of breath. "Stand up against that big rock. No, not that way, Dill! Relax. Take it easy. That's better! Hold it!" The shutter of the camera clicked. Slim was proud of his photography. "I'll bet that's going to be a pippin! The sun was just right. And it's a dandy suit!"

"Dollar ninety-eight in Baker and Pettit's basement!" Stan dove headlong into the water, disappearing to rise again, kicking, in a great splutter of bubbles.

Slim treated Stan's remark to the silence it deserved. "That's my last film," he said, disposing of the camera with care. "I'll stop at the store on my way

home to lunch, and see if they can give us the prints before dinner. I have a pull with a fellow in the developing department. If your picture turns out well, I'll bring it over tonight, Dill, if you like."

At evening the heat increased. The air was oppressively muggy. A pale moon peered down at Martinstown through a steamy mist, as Dilsey wandered in the Mercer front yard beside the big flower bed near the fence. In the half light her gaze idly followed the flight of a droning moth, its wings a blur as it darted, only to retreat again, into the pink blooms of the phlox. This sort of weather made a person feel depressed, Dilsey thought—but her spirits lifted for a moment when she heard Slim's whistle at the gate. She hurried across the lawn to meet him.

"I can't come in, Dill," he said regretfully. "Pop wants me to go down to the office and compare some law papers with him. But here's the print. Turned out well, didn't it? Can you see? Wait till I light a match. It's the best picture I've ever taken of you. So good, that I ordered a couple of enlargements. One's for you, of course—and I thought I might as well keep one myself." His tone was carefully casual, but Dilsey felt his eagerness. "Well, I've got to beat it. So long! Take it easy!"

(Continued on page 36)

Early Mowing

By FRANCES FROST

His knotty hands on the steady snath,
He swung through summer's flowery wrath—
Blue vetch for horses, clover for cows,
Butterfly-weed for the winter's mows.

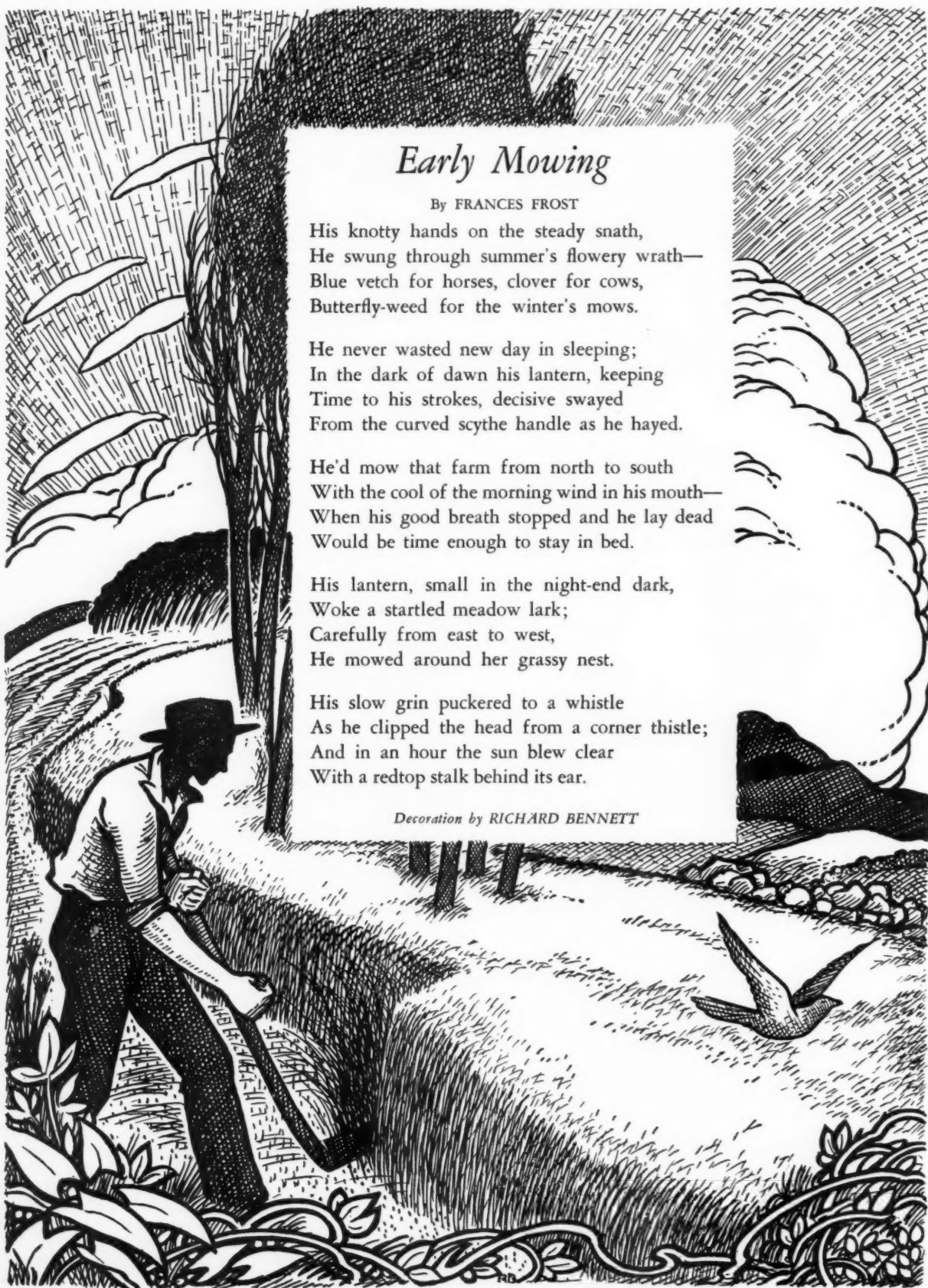
He never wasted new day in sleeping;
In the dark of dawn his lantern, keeping
Time to his strokes, decisive swayed
From the curved scythe handle as he hayed.

He'd mow that farm from north to south
With the cool of the morning wind in his mouth—
When his good breath stopped and he lay dead
Would be time enough to stay in bed.

His lantern, small in the night-end dark,
Woke a startled meadow lark;
Carefully from east to west,
He mowed around her grassy nest.

His slow grin puckered to a whistle
As he clipped the head from a corner thistle;
And in an hour the sun blew clear
With a redtop stalk behind its ear.

Decoration by RICHARD BENNETT



THE SKY-

BLUE TRAILER

by

CAROL
RYRIE
BRINK

From a vantage spot on the Ferris wheel Eggs notes Joe Boles's arrival, while the fair takes on added zest for Minty

PART FOUR

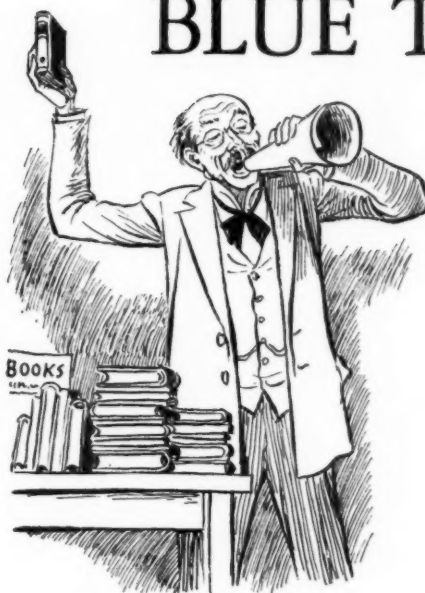
POP took to county fair life as a duck takes to water. At first he offered his secondhand books to the public with the quiet dignity of the regular bookseller, but when he found that no one bothered to look at his wares, he began to adopt the tactics of the hawkers. It was a shame to see people wasting their money on a stuffed two-headed calf when they might be investing in the wisdom of the centuries. And why did they do it? Simply because a man with a raucous voice stood out in front and called attention to the two-headed calf. Pop rolled up a piece of cardboard for a megaphone and began to call attention to his books.

"Look-it here, ladies and gentlemen! Look-it here! All the wisdom and beauty of the ages! All the glory of the centuries! Are you going to pass it by? Here's love, jealousy, a family quarrel, murder, and suicide—all for ten cents. Ten little cents, friends, two nickels, a small silver dime for a slightly used copy of the greatest love episode of all time—*Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare. Take it home, friends, and you've got something to keep for a lifetime. Spend the same money for a ride on the Ferris wheel, and what do you have left when the ride is over? Think it over, ladies and gentlemen, think it over!"

"I am thinking it over," said Eggs gloomily to herself, "and gosh darn if I know how to get that Ferris wheel ride."

"Eggs," said Minty reprovingly, "I don't want to hear you using language like that, even to yourself—and anyway you've had one Ferris wheel ride."

"I know," said Eggs dolefully, "but that's just a tantalizer.



USING A CARDBOARD MEGAPHONE POP BEGAN CALLING ATTENTION TO HIS BOOKS

The Story So Far

After their experiences in "Winter Cottage," the Sparkes family settle down in Minneapolis. Pop opens a secondhand book shop with his prize money, and they live over the shop. Minty, who has persuaded Pop to trade a set of Dickens for an ancient sewing machine, makes clothes for herself and Eggs, her masterpiece being a green velveteen suit. She plans to go to high school, which is to open in two weeks.

There is no cloud in Minty's sky except her fear that Pop and Eggs may start roaming again—a fear that is realized when a stranger describing himself as Zip, the Lightning Artist, arrives in a sky-blue trailer towed by a wrecking car. Zip says his own car was smashed in an accident, and urges Pop and the girls to drive him and his trailer to the county fairs, where his "lightning art" is one of the attractions. He has no money, he says, until he can collect his insurance.

The sky-blue trailer is decorated outside with garlands and landscapes and fitted inside with delightful gadgets. The Sparkes family cannot resist it, and Zip puts up shelves so Pop can take some books to sell to the farmers' wives. Minty, who has extracted a promise from Pop and Zip to return before school opens, writes Joe Boles to meet them at the Riverview Fair.

The county fairs, with their striped tents, freaks, merry-go-rounds, and Ferris wheel, fascinate the Sparkes family, though they are doubtful of some of the people—Madame L'Enigma, the fortuneteller who wants to marry Zip and his trailer, and a rude girl, Sadie Smith, who calls herself "Wildcat" and pretends she is a duchess or a movie star, according to her whim. Minty likes much better a girl named Mary Johnson, a farmer's daughter her own age, and Eggs develops a friendly feud with Mary's younger brother, Glen, who raises bantams.

didn't know for sure that Joe would come, but she wanted to be prepared. As she worked, she hummed contentedly to herself.

"Dearie," said an oily voice. Minty looked up quickly, and

That Glen goes up two or three times a day—and the worst of it is, the wheel is almost never full. There are always empty seats, especially in the morning. Why this morning they didn't even run it for a while, because there weren't any customers. Can you imagine that?"

Zip had come back to the trailer for a tube of paint and he overheard Eggs's lament. "Maybe you could get a job drumming up trade, Eglantine," said Zip, laughing.

But Eggs looked after him seriously. "It's a thought," she said. "Pop did it. Why couldn't I?"

"But they have a hawk-er for the Ferris wheel already," said Minty sensibly.

"I know," said Eggs, "but Zip gave me an idea. Oh, boy, if I can work it!"

The second day of the Riverview Fair, Minty stayed in the trailer and put it in apple-pie order. She did a small washing and hung it on a bit of clothesline between the trailer and the tent. Then she mixed up some sugar cookies and baked them in the little oven. It was like playing doll house to cook and clean in the trailer. Everything was so neat and small and gayly colored.

There was only one clue to Minty's housewifely energy. In the old copy book in which she kept her recipes, there were three words written diagonally in the margin beside the recipe for sugar cookies—"Joe Boles's favorites." Minty

there was Madame L'Enigma looking in the trailer window. Her beads and bracelets clanked and rattled and her black wig was slightly askew. In her hand she held a red apple, which she offered to Minty through the trailer window. Minty could not help having a sudden, swift vision of the wicked Queen in *Snow-White*, offering a rosy apple through the window of the dwarfs' cottage. She could almost hear the little men singing, "*Heigh-o, Heigh-o, as off to work we go!*"

But Madame L'Enigma's intentions were friendly and her object, a little more information about the sky-blue trailer. "Can you tell me, dearie, if it takes very much extra gas to pull it?"

"I couldn't say," said Minty.

"Will you ask your papa? It might make some difference in my plans."

"I don't see why it should," said Minty crossly.

"Well, some time Mr. Zipora might need a tow, and I have a car. But if it took a lot more gas—"

"I'm sure it does," said Minty.

"Still, it might be worth it," mused the fortuneteller, looking all around the tiny kitchen with greedy eyes. "Here, dearie, give this nice red apple to Mr. Zipora, and tell him it's from his friend and well-wisher, Madame L'Enigma."

Minty put the apple on the window sill. When the black wig had been withdrawn from the tiny window, she looked all around her love of a kitchen and spoke to it, as if it would understand her.

"You're too sweet and too beautiful and too clean for her, little kitchen. I won't have her trailing her beads in the sink, or clanking her bracelets over the stove. I won't have it, that's all!"

The trailer kitchen seemed to smile back at her, with its gay plates shining and the landscapes on canister and wall serene and beautiful.

At supper time Eggs came in, looking wild-eyed but triumphant. "I swung it, Minty," she said. "I sure did!"

Minty was still humming to herself and packing away the cookies in the sky-blue canister on which Zip had painted an old mill and a waterfall. "Swung what?" she asked absently. "I didn't know they had swings here."

"Oh, Minty! It's the Ferris wheel, of course."

"You swung the Ferris wheel?"

"Oh, no, silly, I swung the deal. I'm talking business. Didn't you ever hear about swinging a business deal?"

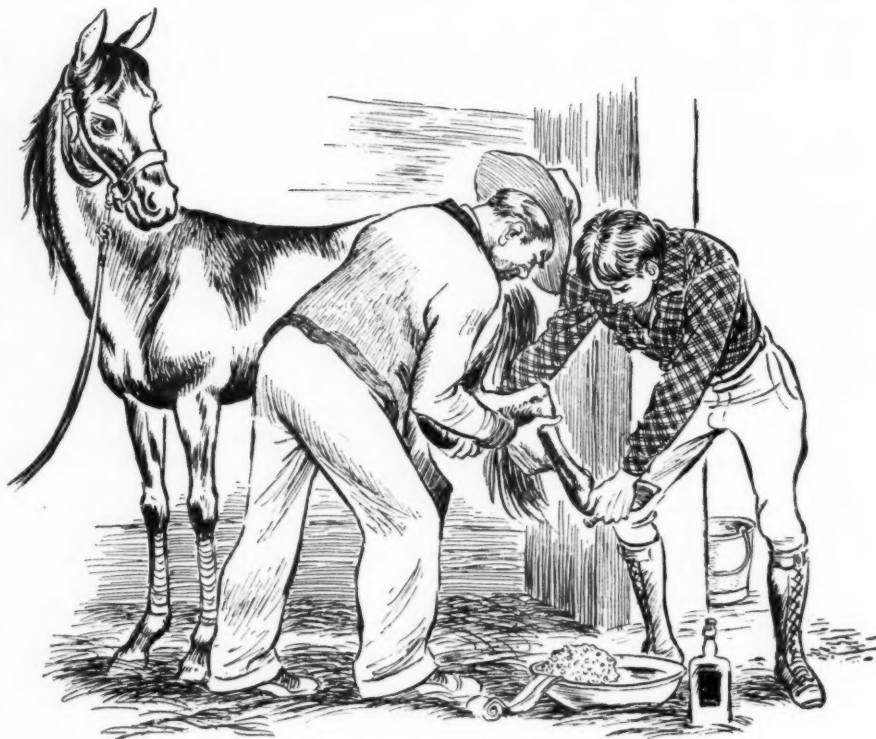
"WELL, yes," said Minty. "Whatever do you mean, Eggs—a business deal?"

"I'm going to be their lure," said Eggs complacently.

"Their *what*?"

"Their business lure. I'm going to be the spider that catches the flies. Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it grand?" Eggs danced and capered like an Indian and Buster yelped with pleasure.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Minty, her patience at an end.



"Oh, Minty, I've been working on the Ferris wheel man all day, and finally he got tired and said, 'All right, kid, you win! Come around first thing in the morning.'"

"But why?"

"Why, to ride on the Ferris wheel, when business is slack. Instead of letting the wheel stand idle when there aren't any customers, he's going to let me ride free—free, Minty, just to attract business. When folks see how much I enjoy it, they'll all want to ride, too. Do you see?"

"My goodness, Eggs! You persuaded the Ferris wheel man into letting you ride free?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," said Eggs gleefully. "He'll get his money's worth, though, you see if he doesn't."

Directly after breakfast next morning, Eggs set off. She wore her hat with the elastic under the chin and looked as if she were a visitor to the fair instead of a regular inmate.

"Where's that child going?" asked Pop.

"She has a job on the Ferris wheel," said Minty.

"Great snakes!" cried Pop. "I'll have to look into this. Come along, Minty."

"I think it's all right, Pop," said Minty. "But maybe we'd better see."

When they reached the Ferris wheel, Eggs was already aloft, looking small and remote as the big wheel swung her higher and higher. She was the only person riding.

"It's funny they'd run that great big wheel for one child," mused Pop. "I thought Eggs had used up all her money."

"Watch a minute, Pop," said Minty. "She's got some kind of an idea."

Eggs's car reached the top of the wheel and, just as it began to descend, she started to wave her arms and shout. She could be seen from almost any part of the fair, and several curious and idle persons, attracted by her shouts, strolled toward the Ferris wheel to see what was going on.

"You ought to try it," shouted Eggs, as the car swept

MR. JOHNSON SHOWED JOE THE JAGGED TEAR DOWN THE FILLY'S LEG



Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG

downwards. "It sure is fun!" Up, up, up she went again, followed by the eyes of the persons who had gathered at the foot of the wheel.

There was something comic about the small, gesticulating figure, riding in solitary grandeur on the big wheel. When Eggs started her antics on the second downward swing, several more persons joined the group of watchers. Everybody was laughing.

"It's simply mar-vel-ous," cried Eggs as the car swept by. "Don't miss it, folks, don't miss it!"

IT DOESN'T take much to collect a crowd at a fair. Everybody is out to see the sights, and the one that catches the fancy of the crowd is often the most unexpected. The Ferris wheel, usually the least patronized concession at this time of the day, was soon surrounded by people who had been attracted either by Eggs's shouts, or by the sight of other people standing and gazing upward.

"What's going on here?"

"It's just a kid riding around!"

"She's sure funny."

"Mama, kin I ride, too?"

"Hey, Harry, let's get on the band wagon."

When the wheel stopped for passengers, there were five customers. The next time there were four more. By noon it was doing capacity business, just as it usually did in the evenings.

"I don't know if I should let Eglantine do that," said Pop doubtfully.

"I think it's all right, Pop," reassured Minty. "She's certainly out of mischief up there, and she's having a wonderful time."

"Do you think her stomach will stand it?"

"I'd be surprised if it didn't," Minty reassured him.

he said, grinning, "I might have known I'd find you on the Ferris wheel."

"It's my work," said Eggs proudly.

"Work? Like fun it is," laughed Joe.

Eggs stepped out of the car and took a couple of wavering steps. "Oh, gee," she said, "the earth's all wavy."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been up in the air all morning. I haven't got my land legs on yet."

"Here, take my arm, Sis. Where's Pop and Minty?"

It was like old times to have Joe Boles with them again. His sturdy figure and level eyes, his resourcefulness and quietness always gave a sense of stability to the flighty Sparkes family.

Zip liked him at once. "Here's a boy you can depend on," he said, shaking Joe's hand.

"Don't we know it!" cried Minty, running for the sky-blue canister of sugar cookies.

"They broadcast him over the radio when he ran away," said Eggs proudly.

"Now, Eglantine, don't bring that up," advised Pop. "There are certain features of our life in Winter Cottage last year that are better for all of us if they are forgotten."

"We haven't anything to be ashamed of, Mr. Sparkes," said Joe, "and I'm not running away this time, even if I do have the same old packsack on my back. Things are better at home this year, and Mom was glad to have me go when she knew I was planning to be with you folks again."

Joe proved to be a greater attraction than the Ferris wheel to Eggs that afternoon. After lunch, with Minty on one side of Joe and Eggs on the other, they set out to show him the fair.

"We must introduce him to the Johnsons first," said Minty. "I've told Mary all about him." (Continued on page 39)

There was one person who watched Eggs's triumphal gyrations with a slightly sour expression. Glen Johnson, arriving at the Ferris wheel with his day's supply of nickels, discovered that riding the wheel was not half so much fun when that Sparkes girl, who didn't know anything about bantams, was riding around free. Eggs waved at him from the top of the wheel.

"Come on up," she shouted. "It's lots of fun!"

It was Eggs, from her lofty perch, who first saw Joe Boles coming through the fairground gates with his packsack on his back.

"Joe," she screamed. "It's Joe Boles! Oh, look at me, Joe, I'm on top of the Ferris wheel! Hey, Mister let me out now! Stop the wheel and let me out!"

"That fool kid," said the Ferris wheel man, slowing his machinery as Eggs's car came down. But he was chuckling just the same, for Eggs had certainly improved business during slack hours.

Joe was at the bottom of the wheel to help her off.

"Well, Eglantine Sparkes,"

Paul Parker Photo



LEFT: A LITTLE RED HEN IS A GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE, FOR SHE SUPPLIES EGGS TO HUNGRY CAMPERS AND HELPS TO KEEP THEM HEALTHY AND STRONG. NO WONDER SHE APPRECIATES A BIT OF PETTING AND CLUCKS HER SOFT APPROVAL



Photograph by M...

RIGHT: A FOND EQUINE MAMA AND HER WOBBLY-LEGGED BABY POSE WITH PROUD MEMBERS OF AN EVANSVILLE, INDIANA, GIRL SCOUT MOUNTED TROOP



"QUACK, QUACK," RETW T
"GO" SIGNAL FOR THE P
OF THE PET SHOW PUT BY
RUP COLLEGIATE SCHOOL
TA, TO RAISE MONEY FOR
A TEN-CENT FEE WAS G
AND CANDY AND COCOA



Photograph by Frank Gehr

ABOVE: LEFT: PATIENCE AND KINDNESS WERE REWARDED WHEN THIS GIRL SCOUT PERSUADED FIVE SPARROW HAWKS TO POSE FOR THEIR PICTURE WITH HER. CIRCLE: A SHY WOODCHUCK LEARNS THAT A GIRL SCOUT MEANS HIM NO HARM AND ACCEPTS HER PROFFERING OF BREAD IN HIS BLACK, KID-GLOVED LITTLE HAND



Paul
Parker
Photo

ENDS



Photograph by Minneapolis Star Journal

"K," RETRY THESE DUCKS AT THE
OR THE RACE, A HIGH LIGHT
OW PUT BY BROWNIES OF NORTH-
E SCHOOL, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESO-
MONEY FOR THE JUNIOR RED CROSS.
EE WAS CHARGED FOR EACH ENTRY,
D COCONUTS MADE MONEY, TOO

RIGHT: TURTLE, TUR-
TLE, TELL ME TRUE,
DO I LOOK AS QUEER
AS YOU? THE TURTLE
WITH A BEADY EYE,
DOES NOT DEIGN TO
MAKE REPLY. HE
KNOWS HE HAS WHAT
GIRL SCOUTS LACK—
A SNUG SAFE HOUSE
UPON HIS BACK!



Paul Parker Photo



LEFT: THIS PINTO PONY LOWERS
HIS HEAD SO HIS GIRL SCOUT
FRIEND CAN SCRATCH BEHIND
HIS EAR. HE'S A FAVORITE OF THE
EVANSVILLE MOUNTED TROOP

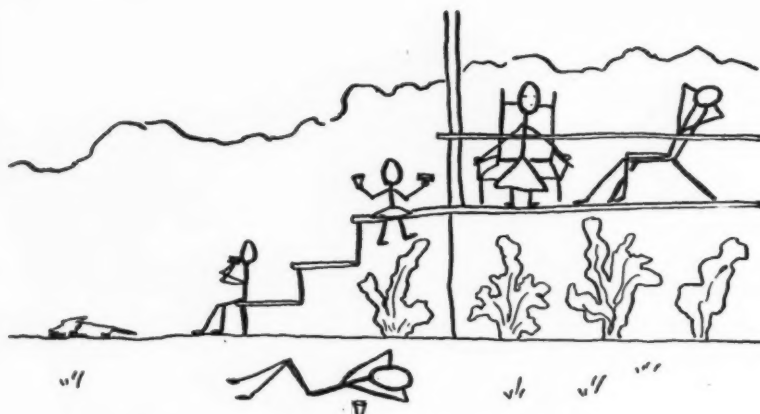


Paul
Parker
Photo



Photograph by Frank Gehr

RIGHT, ABOVE: IT IS A TRIUMPH OF
FRIENDSHIP WITH THE WILD WHEN AN
OPPOSSUM CAN BE INDUCED TO TRUST
A HUMAN FRIEND. CIRCLE: GENTLE FIN-
GERS ASSURE BROTHER BULLFROG THAT
HIS BROWNIE FRIEND WILL NOT HURT
HIM WHILE SHE IS MAKING OBSERVA-
TIONS FOR HER NATURE NOTEBOOK



The end of a perfect picnic.



WHAT is a picnic? The dictionary, which we all dip into now and then, says that a picnic is "an excursion or pleasure party, in which the members partake of refreshments together, usually in the open air, the food being either carried by themselves or provided by one or more individuals for the party."

Do you note that it says "usually in the open air"? Most of us think of picnics as outdoor events, and many of us think of them as taking place a long way from home—but in these days of shortages of tires and gasoline, our ideas of picnics may have to have their wings clipped. With imagination and good nature, however, our excursions into the open air for picnics may be great fun, even though they must take place on the porch, in the back yard, in a patch of woods or at a water's edge near home. The main object will be to keep the picnic a pleasure party by putting our minds to work on good food attractively served and on pleasant words—which, in the end, are the most important things at any picnic.

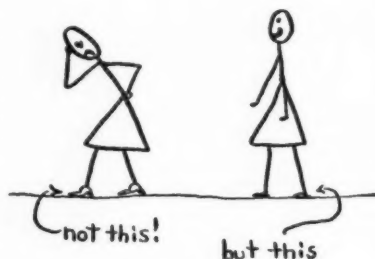
After deciding where we want to go—or can go—on our picnic, and at what time of day, and the number of people, the next thing to consider is what we shall have to eat. Well, we can have sandwiches with dessert and beverages, and nothing to cook on an open fire. Or we can have a meal where some part is cooked over an open fire—either the sandwiches, or the dessert, or the beverage. Or we can plan a meal where everything is cooked. How much we cook and what we cook depends upon where we have the picnic, the time of day, and how much experience the picnickers have had with building a fire and cooking. When the whole family is picnicking, we have to think of things that the small children can eat and, perhaps, have their share in the cooking, even though their part is limited to marshmallows toasted on a stick to top off the meal.

It might be fun to start our "eating in the open" by having a fine picnic on the back porch, or in the yard. And for another picnic, it would be a good idea to explore the neighborhood for pleasant places within walking distance of the house—a rise of land where

the breezes blow, a shady grove of trees, or, if we are lucky enough to have a brook near by where wading can be enjoyed as well as picnicking, we choose its banks as a spot for our picnic party. Some of our friends and neighbors might like to join us on these outings.

If sandwiches are to be the main part of the outdoor meal, here are a few things to think about that may add to the enjoyment of the food:

1. Try to use, in an attractive way, odds and ends of left-overs that are in the ice box.



2. Pack only as much food as can be used. This is not the time to waste things.

3. Spread fillings to the edge of the bread so people will want to eat the crusts.

4. Spread the butter (or butter substitute) on both pieces of bread. This prevents the filling from soaking into the bread.

5. Cut the sandwiches into three or four pieces to make them easier to handle.

It might be possible to build a simple outdoor fireplace in your yard. Just the careful arrangement of a few rocks or bricks will do the trick. Cement and iron grills are all right, but they are not necessary. Once a satisfactory fireplace is built, there are any number of things that are fun to cook over an open fire. Be sure you have plenty of wood of different sizes—shavings or tiny twigs to start the fire, then pieces as big as your little finger, then pieces half the size of your wrist, then as big as your arm. After you have the fire going well with pieces of wood as big as your arm, you can then begin to burn good-sized chunks. If you have planned something that needs to cook slowly, be sure to start the fire well

for PICNIC

Illustrations by the Author

ahead of time, so there will be a good bed of coals. To fry eggs or bacon, a quick fire will do.

Whether we picnic in our own yards, or in some lovely spot in the woods, there are two things a good picnicker always does. One is to be sure the fire is out. The other is to be sure that refuse, like garbage, papers, bottles, and cans are not left around to spoil the looks of the place for others, or for others to pick up. If you are not building a fire, all refuse should be carried home again. If you do have a fire, paper napkins, plates, and bags can be easily burned, but lettuce, potato salad, bread crusts, and such bits of food will not burn unless the fire is going heavily. Orange and banana peels are very hard to burn and should be taken home. Try to leave your picnic place so neat that nobody would know there had been a party there.

When packing your food, try to pack it as carefully and firmly as possible. Good firm boxes, or baskets, or knapsacks are excellent containers. A light lunch can be carried in a bandanna handkerchief, the four corners tied together and the whole thing slung on a stick.

It is always a good idea to have games and other activities in mind when planning an outdoor meal, and to take along a sketch pad and a soft pencil in case you feel like trying to sketch what you see. Have in mind some games that would be fun to play—paper and pencil games, guessing games, and a few more active ones. There are directions for suitable games on the opposite page.

If you are going even a short distance away from home, take along a little first-aid kit to care for simple hurts such as a splinter, a blister, a small cut, a bee sting, and so on. Fix one that you can carry in your pocket.

It would not be amiss to give a thought to the clothes you will wear. Wear comfortable clothes and shoes that you know will not hurt your feet. If the sun is hot, take along a hat of some kind. If you have the slightest suspicion that it may grow cool, or rain, before you get home again, take a coat or a sweater. If you think the ground is going to be damp, take a twelve or eighteen-inch square of oil cloth to sit upon while you eat.



Prepared!

PLEASURE

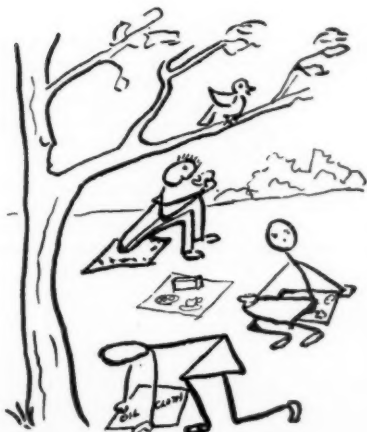
Gas rationing and tire shortages will keep most of us home this summer, but that's no reason why we can't have picnics in our own back yards

By MARIE GAUDETTE
Girl Scout National Staff



Planning picnics, either in the yard or within walking distance of home, is the kind of thing every girl can learn to do, and such outings will help the whole family to spend happy days during this time when the country is—and should be—doing everything possible to keep from using gasoline and rubber for pleasure alone. Let's see what we can do!

Note: In the Girl Scout Handbook you will find good directions for building various types of fireplaces and fires, and some appetizing recipes for outdoor cooking.



Lunches on a stick!

GAMES TO PLAY AT PICNICS

when Stay-at-Homes have fun!

Picnics in your own back yard, or within easy walking distance of your house, can provide just as much pleasure, you'll discover, as those which take you far from home. When you invite your crowd to a back-yard picnic this summer, or join your family and other friends for an outdoor meal, be prepared with some entertaining games to make the picnic a success. Have paper and pencils handy for these first two games—you won't want to play anything active right away if you ate as much picnic food as we suspect you did!

CRAZY GROCERIES is the name of this one. Give a paper and pencil to each person and divide the players into two equal teams, seating each team in a circle. When all are ready, each person must write down the name of an article sold at a grocery, but write it with the letters jumbled. For example: NACDEN POUS (canned soup). At a given signal, each person passes his or her slip to the person on the right who tries to decipher it correctly. Allow one minute between signals. As the second signal is called, the slips are passed on again to the right whether or not the word has been deciphered. If undeciphered, the next person to receive that slip tries to work out the word. The team that soonest deciphers all of their slips wins. If you like this game well enough to play it again, choose articles sold in a hardware store next time, or articles taken along on a picnic; there are ever so many variations you may try.

ZOOS is a game that will test your artistic skill and should occasion lots of laughs. Select one person to be Keeper of the Zoo, and if the group is large, divide it into two teams, although the game can be played without division into teams. Each team chooses a captain and arranges itself in a circle. The captains are supplied with pencils and sheets of paper. The captains then go to the Keeper of the Zoo who whispers the name of an animal, or bird. The captains then run back to their teams and draw the creature named while their teammates look on. As soon as any member thinks she knows what her captain is drawing, she runs to the Keeper of the Zoo and tells her. The first girl to tell correctly wins the game and in turn becomes captain and draws the next animal or bird. Afterward, hold an exhibition of the drawings. You'll be amused at the results.

Ready for some exercise now? How about a **CIRCLE CHANGE RELAY**? You'll need some small objects such as balls, rocks, sticks, or the like. Line up two teams in single file, and in front of each team draw two circles on the ground with a stick. Place an object in one of each pair of circles. On signal, the first person in line runs forward and changes the object from one circle to the other and comes back to tag off the next person, then goes to the end of her line. The next person runs forward as soon as she has been tagged, changes the object back to the first circle again, and so on until all have had a chance to change the objects. The team that finishes first wins. To make the game harder, two or more objects may be used in each circle. Players must put objects inside of circle line; for failure to do this they may be required to take their turn over again, thus penalizing the whole team.

Another game you can play with a circle is called **POISON**. The players join hands around it and everyone tries to make someone else put a foot inside. Any girl who touches the circle is "poisoned" and must endeavor to catch one of the other players before she can touch the wall previously designated as a safety base, or "antidote." If the "poisoned" player succeeds, her captive must drop out of the game. If the "poisoned" player catches no one, she herself must cease to play. The remaining players join hands again, and the fun continues until only one player—or none—is left.

Selected, by permission, from "Games for Girl Scouts", published by Girl Scouts, Inc.

CARGOES FROM CATHAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

for the sun porch, a bamboo extension chair brought to America early in the nineteenth century.

As soon as the American Revolution had freed Yankee skippers from the East India Company monopoly, direct trade with China began to boom. The *Empress of China* was one of the first and slowest of the ships to engage in the venture. Soon the long route around Africa was abandoned, and in 1788 a Boston ship, the *Columbia*, was the first American vessel to sail around Cape Horn and across the Pacific to Canton. The Baltimore clipper design was developed until the fastest of them, the *Sea Witch*, built in 1846, set a record of seventy-four days and fourteen hours from Canton to New York. She made three hundred and fifty-eight miles in one day's run, and was certainly the fastest cargo vessel of her time, faster than the steamships of the period, though at that time steamships had not become serious competitors in trans-oceanic business.

Tea, silks, and fine china comprised the greater part of the cargoes that these fast ships brought to the American markets, though there were many articles of less importance but of greater interest. For example, the clippers brought long rolls of hand-painted wallpaper, an innovation in interior decoration. Yankee ingenuity was not long in devising a printing process by which wallpaper could be run off by the mile, and the garish taste of the Victorian era resulted in monstrosities of poisonous greens and reds, with horrible roses and impossible violets, now happily almost extinct. When these are compared with the delicate designs of the Chinese papers, one regrets that beauty did not appeal to our manufacturers as strongly as did the commercial idea.

Many artists have paid their tribute of imitation to the Chinese, a notable example being Jean Pillement, a Frenchman of the late nineteenth century, several of whose drawings were shown at the Metropolitan exhibit. Perhaps even more striking are a few of the paintings of Antoine Watteau, famous French artist of the eighteenth century, who was for a time strongly influenced by the prevalence of Chinese ideas in decoration in Europe. Tapestries woven in Aubusson, France, about the same period, show romantic Chinese scenes in which European figures appear.

An eminent English painter, George Chinnery, was so attracted by the Chinese trend that he went to Macao, the port of Canton, in 1825. He painted the portraits of a number of the Chinese dignitaries, among them the merchant, Houqua, who was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the country, and Chinqua, also a rich trader. An amusing incident is related concerning Chinnery. His wife expressed the intention of joining him at Macao, where the European colony had been established. The painter promptly moved up the bay to Canton where the presence of foreign women was not tolerated. "Now I am all right," he boasted in a letter to a friend. "What a kind providence is this Chinese government, that it forbids the softer sex from coming and bothering us here!"

Mr. Chinnery didn't mean a word of it, or if he did he soon changed his mind. Not long after he had pretended to find Canton an artist's paradise, he was back in Macao, painting one of his most charming portraits, that of Miss Harriette Low, an American girl.

Miss Low was the niece of an American

trader. She kept a diary which was published by her daughter about forty years ago, and is still to be found, if one is lucky, in second-hand bookshops. She was a very spirited young person, and she and her aunt, in 1832, decided to outwit the Chinese and see Canton. Mr. Low, although he had been in business there for a number of years and had a good deal of influence with the Chinese officials, was unable to help. So the two women disguised themselves (in what manner we are not told) and went into the forbidden area. The Chinese were not so easily deceived. The disguises were penetrated, and all trading with Americans suspended until Miss Low and her aunt returned to Macao. Such rules as these, strange as they may appear to us today, were seriously regarded and rigidly enforced by the Chinese. Their government deplored all contact with the outside world, though the profits were too great to be ignored. Strict regulations were therefore es-



PORTRAIT, PAINTED ON GLASS BY AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE ARTIST, OF THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF VAN BRAAM HOUCKGEEST, ONE-TIME CONSUL IN CHINA, WHO RETURNED TO AMERICA, BUILT A HOME ON THE DELAWARE WHICH HE CALLED "CHINA RETREAT," AND FURNISHED IT IN THE CHINESE MANNER STAFFING IT WITH ORIENTAL SERVANTS

tablished, governing all activities of the foreign traders, their crews and families, so that the influence of commerce upon the Chinese people would be reduced to the minimum.

Two principal items comprised the cargoes of the outward-bound American clipper ships in the China trade. One was furs, strangely enough, for it would seem that there should have been ample supplies of pelts from Mongolia and Siberia to fill the demands of the mandarins and their families. The only explanation is that Siberia was still hardly more than a vast wilderness to which the Russian czars sent their political enemies, and the commercial possibilities of trapping as a career had not been realized in Asia. The other major element in the American cargoes was the root of the ginseng, a plant of the same family as sarsaparilla. Ginseng is now almost extinct in America because of this Chinese demand—and no great loss, either! A decoction made from the root is mildly aromatic and slightly warming, and the Chinese believed it had medicinal and supernatural qualities.

They used it for anything from a love potion to a cold in the head. They called it "a dose of immortality," and in Canton it could be traded for many times its weight in tea or silk.

This trade with China prospered until the discovery of gold in California, when ship owners were able to make much greater profits by taking gold-seekers and freight around the Horn to San Francisco, then hurrying back for more. Also the American Indians had begun to discover that they were selling furs at too low a price, and it was no longer possible to obtain a dozen beaver skins for a string of beads, or a cheap hatchet. The Chinese merchants did not look kindly upon the continual increase in prices which the American traders were compelled to demand, and the get-rich-quick days of Oriental commerce were ended. With the close of the Civil War, steam began to take the place of sail, the opening of the Suez Canal changed the shipping map of the world, and the readjustment of trade routes and cargoes gave an entirely new pattern to international business.

It will be noted that in this interchange, China received little of real value in comparison with what she gave. But this was because of the attitude of her rulers, which sifted down through all the people. Until a hundred years ago, only Canton was open to foreign trade, and then only under the rigid restrictions that have been mentioned. As a great concession, the Chinese Emperor, in 1842, opened four more ports, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. But always there was the resistance of the national spirit to foreign ways and foreign ideas. As Lin Yutang said in *My Country and My People*, before the present era of wars:

"Merry Old China quietly sips her tea and smiles on, and in her smile I see her real strength. . . . In her smile I detect at times a mere laziness to change and at others a conservatism that savors of haughtiness. . . . But somewhere in her soul lurks the cunning of an old dog, and it is a cunning that is strangely impressive. What a strange old soul! What a great old soul!"

This satisfaction with things as they are is found in the spirit of all the art and all the beauty that the world has brought out of China. Into any home where a Chinese piece has found its way, there is greater cheerfulness than there was before. The pictures are never tragic, the themes never gloomy, the landscape never cold and dreary, the flowers never drooping, and the people never sad. Like the delicate fan on the walls of that New England tea room, all that has come to us in the cargoes from Cathay has contributed to the gayety and brightness of life.

I think this is the secret of the profound influence of China upon the world. No matter what ills may be prevalent, what storms are passing, or what devils walk upon the earth, Pu Tai, the god of happiness, sits forever laughing over his huge bulk, knowing in his great wisdom that today is brief, while tomorrow will last forever.

Note: A large part of the material for this article was supplied by Mr. Joseph Downs, curator of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and obtained from publications of the Museum. The author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to these sources of information.

ISLAND ADVENTURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

current to Bayshead. It's only ten miles. I can get a power boat and a rescue crew there."

Gail's fingers clutched fearfully at his sleeve. "But that'll be—awfully dangerous, Les," she breathed in a frightened voice. "Can't you wait till daylight?"

He shook his head stubbornly. "It's dangerous waiting, too," he said with slow significance. "And it may start to blow again. No, I'll be all right, but it'll take two for bailing out the canoe and getting it launched. You're a strong girl, Gail. Will you come downstairs with me—very quietly so we don't wake the others—and help me get off?"

She drew a deep breath and swallowed hard. Then she nodded, mutely, and unrolled herself cautiously from her blanket. Les had already inched a noiseless passage to the top of the ladder, and when she had crawled to the same point on hands and knees, he was already half way down.

Evidently the other occupants of the loft were sleeping that last, early-morning sleep which is soundest of all, for nobody stirred as the second stealthy figure reached the trap door and set cautious feet on the ladder rungs.

Down below, a sudden gleam from Les's flashlight showed Gail a black body of water about the ladder's foot. Les was standing in it waist deep, and when her glance followed the slow-moving circle of light she saw that the chairs were afloat, gently rocking in a huddle against the far wall.

It took more courage than she had known she possessed to continue her groping way down the ladder until the icy water lapped about her knees.

Finally she was standing, shivering, on the floor beside Les, and he was gripping her arm to steady her while he directed the light ahead of them.

"Grab on tight to the door when I open it," he warned, and put the torch into her fingers. "I need both hands for this. And the water may come in with a rush."

He shot the bolt back, turning the knob, and the force of the water did push the door back so rapidly the boy and girl were almost swept off their feet.

A log swirled against Gail's knee, and she uttered an exclamation, instantly choked back.

"Hurt you?" Les's anxious voice asked. "No? All right—keep the light on me while I wrestle with this knot. The rope's wet."

She held the torch with steady fingers while he worked with the tightly drawn knot. It seemed an age to them both before the rope was free, and the canoe swung about a little, held only by its bow mooring.

Les put the stern rope into Gail's hand, and took the flashlight. "Hold tight, so she doesn't bang and stove a hole in her side against the porch," he cautioned her. "I'm going for the paddles. They're in the closet in the kitchen entryway."

He waded a few slow steps back into the house, and then paused, staring over his shoulder at Gail's rigid figure outlined in moonlight against the darkness of the river.

(Continued on page 38)



Poor Jeanie. She has lost Her Man. Why?

Well, rumor has it her pep is minus.

She's dead-on-the-beat. And boys like some zip . . . Jeanie had better get hep to herself.

Just possibly she's neglecting her groceries.

How about breakfast, Jeanie? What, no breakfast?!

Shame on you. A girl needs plenty of good nourishment every day. You can't expect to get far, can you—with nothing to go on.

Of course, you don't have to stuff yourself in the morning. Fill a big and beautiful bowl with those crisp golden flakes, Wheaties. Top with milk, or cream. Have some fruit. Mmmmm. And good for you. All the noble nourishment of 100% whole wheat. Vitamins, minerals, food-energy. Good proteins. Maybe you're down on account that's what you need. Like to stage a come-back? Then start eating right. Start tomorrow, with Wheaties for breakfast!

Special offer! Get handsome mechanical pencil, shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Yours for only 10c and one Wheaties box top. Send now to Wheaties, Dept. 882, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



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Personal Christmas Cards 14 Assortments

Mary Lewis DESIGNS A TEEN- AGE WARDROBE.



3

For town, for country, for school, for church, for parties—here is a wardrobe designed especially for the teen-age girl by Mary Lewis, who knows what girls like, yet has a sympathetic regard for their clothes budgets. 1. A tubfast cotton blouse in red-and-white or Copen-and-white stripes, to wear with suits or sports skirts. (About \$1.00.) 2. A love of a coat and as light as a feather! Woven of shaggy, soft, brown alpaca, with flannel turn-over collar and center closing. (About \$16.00.) 3. A jacket-and-slacks suit, tailored to perfection, in a gray wool-and-rayon combination (about \$10.00), or in Navy all-wool (about \$11.00). With a skirt to match the jacket, you will have a two-way costume. 4. An all-purpose dress—smart enough for school festivities, simple enough for the classroom—of washable rayon with convertible collar. Choose it in rose or cadet blue. (About \$3.00.) 5. Suit yourself with one of these double or single-breasted fashions. Both are part wool and sell for about \$8.00. 6. Another blouse to wear with suit or slacks—of Tattersall checks in tubfast cotton. (About \$1.30.)

Photographs by
courtesy of
Mary
Lewis
and
Sears
Roebuck

MARY LEWIS— CREATOR OF FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Students of fashion date America's growing interest in sports clothes from the period immediately following the first World War. Perhaps it was a natural trend for women who had discovered the utility of uniforms. Or perhaps it was an idea imported from England, where the well dressed woman wore tweeds all day until she dressed for dinner. Whatever the causes, Miss Lewis divined the coming trend, and soon Best & Co. became headquarters for these new sports clothes, so well suited to Americans and the American climate.

Always Mary Lewis has had a deep feeling for our American way of life—our love of sports, our desire to be out of doors in all weathers, the urge of girls, as well as boys, to build strong, healthy bodies. She admires and understands youth. "If you're after new fashion ideas, live ideas, talk to young people, seek them out at work and play, create for them the kind of clothes they want to wear," she says. Certainly she practices what she preaches. The carefully chosen girls in her Fifth Avenue shop are all pretty and charming—and Miss Lewis spends many an evening and week end listening to their suggestions and helping them solve their problems. In return, she finds in them inspiration for her work, a sure way of keeping in touch with the ever-changing moods of youth.

Miss Lewis's success at Best's was spectacular. Not only did sales mount year after year, but stores all over the country began to talk about her gay new fashions and particularly about the way she advertised them. Soon her influence was felt everywhere. Girls in little towns, thousands of miles away from New York, were wearing prettier dresses and looking lovelier than ever before—all because of Mary Lewis.

It's hard to define exactly this change which has swept over young girls' clothes in the last twenty years, but ask your mother to let you look over some old snapshots and you'll soon see that clothes nowadays are simpler, younger, and more practical. They look as if whoever wore them expected to have a good time.

By this time Mary Lewis had reached a high pinnacle of success, but she had other and greater ambitions. In 1937 she became vice-president of Saks-Fifth Avenue, but after a year of "high fashion" she decided to open her own shop on Fifth Avenue. In response to active demand from many stores around the country, she also opened a consultant service which she has continued for the past two years.

That first little shop was quickly outgrown, and in February, 1942, the new Mary Lewis Shop was opened. In addition to two floors full of young fashions, there is a bridal shop and a special suite of offices where Miss Lewis handles her consultant and advertising services.

Two years ago, this indefatigable woman added to her activities the position of stylist
(Continued on page 37)



Remember when the boys used to say that girls are "made of sugar and spice and all things nice"? Those days are gone forever . . . you're no sissy now!

You and a million other volunteers have learned the meaning of give and take. You *give* your time and energy, and *take* your assignments as they come. Every day they need you . . . every day of the month.

Many's the night you used to hobble home, dead tired. But *now* you're a veteran! You've learned how to be a good soldier . . . to keep going, keep smiling . . . no matter what!

The greatest triumph of all—now even "difficult days" don't slow you down! Not since girls-in-the-know put you wise to the *greater comfort* of Kotex sanitary napkins.

Keep going—every day!

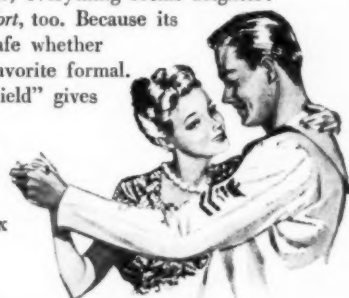
You'd like to pass on the good word to *all* the girls. That Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

And when you're really comfortable, everything seems brighter!

You'll take Kotex for *mental comfort*, too. Because its flat, pressed ends keep your secret safe whether you're wearing a uniform or your favorite formal. And its moisture-resistant "safety shield" gives a girl *extra* protection and poise.

So it's no wonder that Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together!

After all—that's *proof* that Kotex stays soft! The best proof!



**Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree
—with KOTEX*!**



FREE HANDBOOK OF DO'S AND DON'T'S. The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another", tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Discusses subjects as: bathing, swimming, dancing, social contacts, etc. Mail name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. AG-8, Chicago, for copy FREE!

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

OASIS OF FREEDOM

The Swiss are ready to fight. This is nothing new. They have been quietly getting ready for a great many years. Switzerland was the first of the European democracies to realize that peace hopes had failed, that War was going to stride across the world. Without fanfare, the Swiss General Staff ordered defense measures taken in every one of the twenty-two cantons which make up the Swiss Confederation.

The men of the Staff were farsighted. The coming conflict, they foresaw, would not be



a war of "fronts" fought at defense lines. It would be fought just about everywhere at once. They had the advantage of organizing defenses in a country where mountains were mighty allies. Also they could draw on Switzerland's well trained and well equipped citizen soldiers—fighters whose traditions went all the way back to the founding of the Confederation in 1291.

These citizen fighters saw nothing contradictory in the idea of a democratic nation which was also an armed camp. They enjoyed soldiering—notably the skiing and mountaineering parts of it. Since boyhood they had been gaining skill on skis on precipitous slopes. And they especially liked target practice, were excellent sharpshooters.

Though they relished military life they were not militaristic, not worshipers of brute force. Unlike the conscript soldiers of other nations, they were always armed and ready, even when they were working away at their peacetime jobs. They kept their rifles, their rounds of ammunition, and their uniforms at their homes.

Their state of readiness made partial mobilization almost instantaneous. When, in June, 1940, the Germans went rolling and flying through France, tens of thousands of Swiss frontier guards took their posts at the strategic mountain passes through which enemies might strike. Taking their posts simply meant making their way, for the most part on foot, to previously designated positions within easy distance of their homes. Near by, hidden deep in man-made caves and caches, were food,

water, stores of ammunition, machine guns or anti-tank guns.

Formal mobilization of Switzerland's army of nearly six hundred thousand took five days but, meanwhile, all critical defense points had been manned. Fearing a blitzkrieg, the Swiss had got their answer ready—a blitz defense.

If, in spite of such measures, the Germans had attacked and had broken through, they would have had no such walk-over as they enjoyed after they got past the Maginot Line. Swiss defenses did not depend—nor do they now depend—on any line. They are all over the place. Almost every Swiss village is a minor fortress. Barricades of earth, of stone, of great timbers, have been flung round entrances and exits. In barns a trusted visitor is as likely to find a machine gun as a cow.

Of course, if the Axis powers had felt it necessary to invade this tiny land of only four million people they could have overrun it—or, at least, the lower parts of it—by paying a high price in dead and injured. But the farsighted Swiss had made ready for trouble in still another way. Decades before, they had stored charges of dynamite at hundreds of points along the two world-famous railroad tunnels—the Saint Gotthard and the Simplon—which link Switzerland with Italy. The job of making it possible to blow up the longer of these tunnels—the twelve-and-a-half-mile-long Simplon—had taken almost twelve months.

Since about four-fifths of the traffic between Germany and Italy passed through these tunnels, Hitler and Mussolini would have thought twice before striking at the Swiss republic.

But though invasion did not come, stern economic measures did. The Nazis clamped rigid controls on Swiss exports. Not a can of condensed milk, not a bar of chocolate could be sent across the frontier without a German "Ja." The Swiss endured this as the price of peace. But when the Nazis showed signs of wanting to dominate Switzerland politically as well as economically, the Swiss turned some very cold shoulders.

That drew frequent warnings in German newspapers. Their gist can be put in two sentences: "Some day our patience will end and Switzerland's turn will come." "Switzerland's coldness to our New Order may grow intolerable."

While Hitler's controlled press was fuming over the attitude of the country, a certain Swiss colonel, in a speech he made at Berne, flung back an answer: "There are moral values. There is the spirit. There is the Federal idea that we must hand on as a heritage. That is why we shall trust in God and not in a man who wants to be adored as a god."

A MATCH MAY COST A MILLION

A flash of flame in a forest—a wisp of smoke! A costly fire may be starting. In 1933 a timber fire in northwest Oregon destroyed more than a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of timber. That must not happen this year. Three pounds of wood is worth a pound of steel. We are building wooden ships, bridges, barracks, and planes partly of wood.

In a sense, we are fighting with trees. And our older men, our women, our children, are fighting for trees. Their work is badly needed at this time when the majority of our able-bodied men are in the Army, or Navy, or in defense factories. Women, we're told, make good fire-spotters. If one of them sees a far-off trace of smoke she starts telephoning—and in an amazingly short time a plane on the nearest airfield takes off to drop parachutists equipped for fire-fighting as near the flames as possible.

This summer the fire peril is especially acute. Last fall was unusually wet. The "slash," or waste left after the trees were converted into logs, would not burn. Now it is dry, ready to burst into flames. So the battle against fire must be an all-out one.

Our Forest Service, in the interests of fire prevention, is appealing to all smokers. They are urged to make sure that their cigarettes and matches are really out before throwing them away. Campers are told, "Before making a fire, clear a space about five feet in diameter, dig a hole in the center, build a small fire in this. The fire must be dead out before it is left."

The Girl Scouts are lending a hand. A bit of their recent helpfulness is the making of "fag bags." The Scouts in our Northwest have agreed to make and distribute no fewer



than a hundred thousand of these. The bags are of flame-red cotton and are large enough to hold a package of cigarettes and a box of matches. They're presented as a reminder to smokers who enter certain national parks. To each bag is attached a card on which is printed, "The Smoker's Pledge." This reads, "I smoke only in safe places. I will not throw away a lighted cigarette, or burning tobacco. I will remember yesterday, think of tomorrow, and act today."

SHARKS IN THE SKY

On July fourth, a group of superb flyers became part of our Air Force in the Far East. Known as the Flying Tigers, they were members of the A.V.G.—the American Volunteer Group of the Chinese Air Force. Their leader, Claire L. Chennault—now Brigadier General Chennault—has had a surprising and interesting life.

He was born about fifty-two years ago in Commerce, Texas. His father, a cotton planter, wanted him to be a farmer. Young Chennault, liking the idea, took courses in agriculture at Louisiana State University. But instead of farming, he taught in a rural school for seven years.

During World War I he entered Officers' Training School, and was graduated. But he did not find the work he could do best—flying—until after the war was over.

It was while he was serving in many branches of our aviation forces that he took up the intensive study of aerial tactics.

By the time he was forty-seven he had gone deaf from ear trouble aggravated by constant flying in open ships. He was retired with the rank of captain. Two of his fellow officers—they had flown with him and admired him—retired at about that same time. They went to China to help train Chinese fighter pilots. Learning that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was looking for an air adviser, the two Americans told him, "Chennault is your man."

Asked to come to China, Captain Chennault accepted. That was the summer of 1937—the summer when Japan attacked. The Chinese air force of less than a hundred first-line planes was wiped out. Things looked black, but Chennault was not disheartened. He



went back to his previous study of air tactics—but this time, it was Japanese tactics that he studied. And all the while he dreamed of a day when American pilots in American planes would help China.

Finally he got hold of a hundred old ships—Curtiss P-40 pursuit planes. They were obsolescent, but he welcomed them. The trouble was, though, that there were no pilots in China with sufficient training to fly the planes, nor were there any skilled mechanics to service them. So, last summer, Chennault came back to America. Moving in semi-secrecy, so as not to offend Japan, he recruited a hundred crack flyers and about two hundred mechanics.

Under his expert leadership, these pilots fought in the skies above Burma and southeast China. They knew the Japanese had a superstitious horror of sharks, so they painted sharks' mouths and eyes on their planes. Since the tiger is a Chinese deity, they called themselves Tiger Sharks. But America got to know them as the Flying Tigers. After Japan attacked us, they proved deadly sky fighters. In ninety days they destroyed four hundred and fifty-seven enemy planes, though they lost only fifteen, themselves.

The schoolmaster who had taught country children had finally taught the world how to fight for freedom.

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COTTAGE CHEESE



DILSEY PAUSED TO CHEW ON THE END OF HER PEN

As Slim's footsteps died away down the street, Dilsey's depression returned. If only Slim's father hadn't needed him this evening, maybe they could have gone to the movies! And Stan had gone out, too. Lagging back to the unlighted house—usually so bright and cheerful, but tonight darkened to a blackout to discourage mosquitoes—she decided to go in and write to Phyl and Meg Merriam.

Upstairs in her bedroom, seated before her desk, she could hear the croaking of frogs among the yellow "cow lilies" in the pond at the end of the meadow which stretched beyond the back garden. It was a desolate sound. And a flurry of hard black bugs, so tiny they could pass through the screens, ticked against the parchment shade of her desk light and occasionally fell on her letter.

"Daddy went fishing and got into poison ivy," Dilsey wrote. "The doctor makes him stay in bed—he's really very sick with it—and, boy, is he cross! He says everything's going to pot—whatever that means! And Selah's gone to Ocean Grove for a two weeks' vacation, a camp meeting or something, so Mother has to do most all the cooking. We have a girl from Tinkerton who comes in every day to get breakfast and wash dishes. Her name's Myrtle. She's pretty, but a dumb-bell. About half the time she misses the bus and we have to get breakfast ourselves."

Dilsey paused to chew the end of the penholder. Her drooping spirits had made the letter sound doleful, she thought. That would never do. Her eye suddenly brightened at sight of the snapshot of herself in her new bathing suit which she had brought upstairs and propped against the base of her desk light. The pose of the pictured figure was awkward—otherwise it wouldn't have been Dilsey—but, certainly, it was a cute picture.

She reached for it across the desk. "I'll put that in the letter. It is good of me, and the girls'll like it. Slim will give me another. And, anyway, I'll have the enlargement."

Turning the picture over she wrote on the back, "What do you think of my new bathing suit? Love, Dill." And at the moment was conscious of her mother's voice at her elbow.

Mrs. Mercer looked tired. "Dilsey," she said, "your father's very restless tonight. The heat seems to aggravate the poison. He hardly touched his dinner, but he has a

notion he would like some of that cottage cheese we used to get from the milkman last summer. If we order it tonight, we can get it for his lunch tomorrow. Stan's already put the bottle out on the back porch with the milk order, but I wish you'd run down and add the cheese."

Dilsey scribbled, "one cottage cheese" on a slip of paper. Before starting downstairs, she paused to sign her letter and to stuff it and the en-

closure into the envelope which she had already addressed. She touched her tongue to the flap, rummaged for a stamp, and put it in place. "I'll go right down, Mother. And then I'm going to run out to mail this note."

Out in the night on the back porch, Dilsey twisted the bit of paper around her finger and stuck it into the neck of the bottle alongside the milk order, before she strolled out to the corner mail box.

"Did the milkman bring the cottage cheese?" Mrs. Mercer inquired next morning, looking up from behind the coffee cups as Myrtle brought in the breakfast toast. "Oh, Myrtle, you'll have to take that back to the kitchen! It's burned black!"

Myrtle was accustomed to criticism. "Yes'm," she agreed. "No'm. There wasn't no cottage cheese on the stoop. Just milk. I didn't know you ordered any."

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Mercer lamented. "Isn't that unfortunate! Your father really wanted it! Perhaps you have to order it in advance. Dilsey, you'd better run down to Doyle's after breakfast and get some. I know Mr. Doyle carries cottage cheese, but it isn't so fresh as the cheese that comes direct from the dairy."

Dilsey, answering the telephone, was overjoyed to hear the voice of Phyllis Merriam, calling her from Heightsville by long distance. "Aunt Marcia was going to 'phone and ask about your father, but I begged her to let me call instead," Phyl said, after the two girls had poured forth their greetings and had told each other the news. "We're missing you more than tongue can tell, Dill. We are, definitely! Meg and I simply lapped up your letter, but we don't understand the enclosure. What's the joke? It's one on us, anyway! Oh, Dill, I'll have to ring off, or they'll charge me double! See you next week! 'By!'"

Dilsey turned away from the phone, bewildered. It certainly was good to have a talk with Phyl—but what was so mysterious about the enclosure? A picture of a girl in a bathing suit was a picture of a girl in a bathing suit, wasn't it? Oh, well, never mind! The Merriams would be home next week and the baffling conversation would be explained.

That night Dilsey slept so soundly that it seemed she had been in bed only five minutes before she heard her mother calling. "Dilsey! Dilsey!" She started up sleepily, tousled her hair with both hands, and rubbed her eyes open to glance at her little clock. Seven o'clock. Oh, plague! That wretched Myrtle must have missed the bus again!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

She was right in her conjecture. A moment later her mother confirmed it, appearing in her dressing gown at the bedroom door. "Dear, I'm sorry to call you so early, but Myrtle is late again. I have one of my wretched headaches—so I wonder if you and Stan could get breakfast this morning? I hate to ask you, dear, but—"

"Oh, Mother, I'm so sorry you're not feeling well," cried Dilsey. "Of course, Stan and I will get breakfast. Do go right back to bed."

She made a sketchy toilet and, still rubbing her eyes, groped her way down the back stairs. As she opened the door to the kitchen, Stan, gloomy with sleep, came in from the porch, hugging to the breast of his bathrobe an armful of milk bottles. His red hair stood on end, and he slapped his burden down on the table with a hazardous crash.

"Oh, Stan, look out! You'll bust 'em!" Dilsey objected. She leaned forward to peer at one of the bottles with curiosity. "What's that little paper strapped around the neck of the cream bottle?"

Stan detached the paper, snapped off the rubber band, and stepped to the window to examine it. Then, suddenly waking up, he exploded in a guffaw of laughter. "What do you know about that? Our friend Myrtle has made a slight error! She'll have to catch the early bus if she doesn't want us butting into her love affairs! She's sweet on the milkman!"

Dilsey stood on tiptoe to look over his shoulder. The paper proved to be a snapshot of a freckled and sheepishly grinning farm boy, in either hand a milk pail, set off against a background of many-windowed dairy barns. "Who is it?" she asked, uncomprehending.

"A portrait of the milkman, without a doubt. And look here on the back!"

Still laughing, he turned the photograph over, and his sister read the message. "I like your suit fine. Hunnerd per cent. Best from Mike."

She stared again in shocked surprise at the untidily scrawled characters and then, slowly, the truth dawned upon her. What had she enclosed in her letter to Phyllis Merriam—and what had she put into the milk bottle? She remembered the words she had written on the back of the snapshot, "What do you think of my new bathing suit? Love, Dill." Now she understood what Phyl meant when she made those bewildering remarks over the telephone.

Turning to her brother, Dilsey blushed till her eyes watered. She laid a beseeching hand on his sleeve. "That isn't for Myrtle at all, Stan. It's for me!"

Stan pulled his arm away and faced around on her. "Whaddya mean?" he demanded.

"Don't scold me, Stan," Dilsey pleaded. "I've been good all week, but now I suppose I've gone and done it again! Night before last I must have put the order for the cottage cheese into my letter to the Merriams. And what I meant to send them, I must have stuck into the milk bottle."

"What was it you intended to send them?" Stan's eyebrow lifted comically.

Dilsey hung her head. "That picture of myself in my bathing suit," she murmured miserably and fled upstairs. But even in her own room, with the door shut, she could hear Stan's raucous mirth resounding from the kitchen.

MARY LEWIS— CREATOR OF FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

for Sears Roebuck & Co. The mother and daughter in yellow print dirndls, who danced across this spring's Sears catalog cover, were Mary Lewis designs, and inside were a group of her gay, young sports fashions—and every one was down-to-earth practical, too.

Some of you may wonder that the same person can create styles for both Fifth Avenue and a Sears Roebuck catalog. But that is the essence of Miss Lewis's extraordinary flair, her uncanny gift for anticipating trends. She knows young people and what they want, wherever they live. She has always believed that American girls are happiest in simple, well cut, moderately priced clothes, with a carefree gayety that expresses youth's own high spirits. Because she has this broad knowledge of the whole field of fashion, its importance as an industry and its influence on our daily lives, she was chosen as director of the Fashion Building at the World's Fair.

In May, 1942, Miss Lewis became merchandise supervisor of Sears Roebuck & Co., after having staged for them a spectacular fashion show that startled the experts with a prophetic glimpse of the style possibilities in low-priced merchandise. For she believes firmly that the future of fashion lies in production for the many, rather than the few. When we interviewed her at 5:30, she was still fresh and vital after a full day's work. She spoke enthusiastically of her plans for the next Sears catalog. "I made some mistakes in the first one," she said, "but wait till you see the new one!" That remark might well be the clue to Mary Lewis's great success. Never, we suspect, has she been satisfied for long with any achievement, however great. Always she sees a greater goal ahead.

We asked Miss Lewis what she thought were the most necessary qualifications for success in the fashion field. Every year she receives hundreds of letters from girls, asking how they can learn to be designers, or stylists, or department-store buyers. She cannot answer these letters personally—each case must be considered individually and with care, and she has no time to do it. But she did have some very valuable comments to make. Of course, she pointed out, the future stylist must be enthusiastically interested in clothes. But, more than that, the girl who aspires to designing should know the mechanics of making clothes—for that is the surest way to judge whether style ideas are practical in cloth, as well as pretty on paper. More than anything else, success in this career, as in any business, Miss Lewis feels, depends on a girl's willingness and ability to cooperate with others.

We asked what she considered the ideal wardrobe for a "teen-ager." She mentioned simple skirts and tailored blouses or sweaters, fitted reefer coats, suits with lots of dicker, and soft, modified dirndls for parties—the very clothes most girls like best. Miss Lewis, herself, prefers the same kind of clothes, and she has a special leaning toward crisp stripes.

Would the new Government restrictions on apparel make much difference in the kind of clothes she likes to design, we wanted to know. She thought not. There will still be lovely fabrics, she says, and lots of ingenious new combinations to replace those that are



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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Good

ACROSS THE PACIFIC. This is in no sense a sequel to *The Maltese Falcon*, nor, for that matter a match for it, but the same excellent players give the story suspense with their smooth acting and the perfect timing of their lines. Humphrey Bogart is dismissed from the U. S. Army on a trumped-up scandal charge in order to make him likely prey for Jap spies who want his intimate knowledge of Panama Canal defenses. He himself is trailing Dr. Lorenz (Sydney Greenstreet), renegade professor in a Philippine university with pronounced Japanese sympathies. Bogart is both helped and hindered by Mary Astor, co-passenger on a Jap freighter where much of the action takes place. The final sequences in the Canal Zone are particularly exciting and grim. Good mystery. (Warners)

CROSSROADS. An intriguing, suspense-filled drama about an amnesia victim (William Powell) whose career as a diplomat is almost wrecked when testimony asserts that he is a former thief. Seeing her husband suffer unjustly, Hedy Lamarr works out a plan to untangle the mystery. (MGM)

EAGLE SQUADRON. As the opening credit listings of this movie fade, Quentin Reynolds appears to tell us about some of our twenty-year-old fellow Americans who became a part of the R.A.F. long before Pearl Harbor. As he speaks we see their intensely alive faces, an unforgettable sequence. Never once does Eagle Squadron depart from the stark simplicity characteristic of the faith these boys have in a job worth doing. Though the main interest is in actual war scenes, supplied by the British government, there is also an interesting story of three friends (Robert Stack, Leif Erickson, Edgar Barrier) who work under Squadron Leader John Loder. The never-before-shown action shots include the Commandos raiding an airport in France to capture new Nazi planes; the W.A.A.F. at work in the Interceptor Command (which introduces lovely Diana Barrymore); the Channel Mosquito Fleet rescuing a bailed-out flyer; and superbly photographed shots of Spitfires downing enemies. There are many poignant interludes—a picnic for evacuees disrupted by enemy bombers; a hospital in flames with Diana interrupting a desperate search to guide blinded invalids to safety; the moment when Barrier, maddened by the suffering his people had endured in Poland, upsets the timing of a raid to unleash his fury on the Nazis. Because the film has a documentary picture's vivid truth, it may be too powerful for the sensitive, though there are no close-ups of horror. (Univ.)

HOLIDAY INN. This is a gay musical, with sparkling Irving Berlin songs sung to perfection by Bing Crosby, amazing dance routines by Fred Astaire and his two new partners, Marjorie Reynolds and Virginia Dale, and cheerful humor by everyone. Bing decides to make a farmhouse into an inn that would seek customers only on holidays. While it has a wobbly beginning, the venture is soon a great success when Marjorie Reynolds (and later Fred) join Bing to put on extravagant floor shows, one for each holiday. Marjorie Reynolds quite wins your heart with her prettiness and singing and dancing talent. The film is particularly successful in keeping its nonsense in good taste. Very good. (Para.)

IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH. This baseball picture about the Brooklyn Dodgers is as real as the pennant they are battling for, though it will interest non-enthusiasts of the game as well. Lloyd Nolan, hounded out of the big league when he fumbled, is brought in as manager by Sara Allgood, owner of the team. His troubles begin at her death because the new owners don't know a thing about baseball and care less, and want to sell. Besides, the team isn't cooperative. But after Carole Landis challenges his fighting spirit, Nolan makes a gigantic effort to bolster his team's flagging interest and the outcome is fine work and victory. The photography of the crucial game is noteworthy. (Fox)

LADY IN A JAM. A light comedy tailored to Irene Dunne's gift for being beautiful and airily coy. She plays Jane Palmer, an heiress with so

little regard for money that she has spent herself into bankruptcy. A young psychiatrist (Patric Knowles), on the staff of a Foundation practically supported by Palmer money, takes over the job of Jane's chauffeur in order to study her case. He recommends that she revisit her grandmother's ranch where she once had a childhood fondness for a Western boy, on the theory that she may be longing for the open spaces and cowboy romance. Once out West, the film has a lot of fun burlesquing Westerns. These scenes are richly comic, as is Miss Dunne's performance, and that of Ralph Bellamy as the childhood sweetheart who tries to convince her he is now a rootin', tootin' cowboy. Of course, in the meantime Jane has fallen in love with the psychiatrist and follows him back East. The film is rather loosely put together, but it has the virtue of remaining balmy to the end—we are never asked to take Jane and her affairs as anything but bouncing farce. (Univ.)

PARACHUTE NURSE. An absorbing account of the training undertaken by nurses who want to be able to leap to dangerous areas not otherwise accessible. Marguerite Chapman and Kay Harris are the attractive nurses who find romance with William Wright and Frank Sully, while helping the war effort. The story of a girl of German parentage who is not accepted by the corps is a telling incident, thoughtfully presented. (Col.)

POSTMAN DIDN'T RING, THE. When a fifty-year-old sack of mail is discovered in an attic, the postal authorities live up to their motto and the mail goes through. The film shows some of the people whose lives are affected by the delayed messages, including a State governor who receives a teacher's reprimand addressed to his parents. But the main story concerns storekeeper Richard Travis who receives stock certificates which enable him to continue aiding his neighbor farmers. However, he must first prove their authenticity, which he does through the testimony of Brenda Joyce, a dealer in stamps who has arrived on the scene to buy up the valuable covers of mail fifty years in transit. (Fox)

ROMANCE ON THE RANGE. A thoroughly enjoyable outdoorsy movie with good music by the Sons of the Pioneers. Linda Hayes and Sally Payne go West to investigate repeated fur robberies on a ranch Linda has inherited. With the help of ranch foreman, Roy Rogers, the thieves are routed. (Rep.)

SUBMARINE RAIDER. Newsreel shots of the bombing of Pearl Harbor contribute to the plentiful excitement of this story which highlights a battle between an American submarine and a Japanese aircraft carrier. John Howard and Marguerite Chapman are the sympathetic victims of enemy treachery who strike back. (Col.)

THROUGH DIFFERENT EYES. District Attorney Frank Craven, giving a lecture on circumstantial evidence, discusses a recent murder mystery while the camera shifts to the scene of the crime. The D.A.'s wife (June Walker) believes the accused man innocent, and proves it in amusingly feminine fashion. (Fox)

WINGS FOR THE EAGLE. About defense workers at Lockheed Aircraft, this film offers an inspiring impression of work being done on the production front throughout the country. The plant foreman, George Tobias, is dismissed because he is not a naturalized citizen, but opens a lunchroom near by until he receives his papers and gets his job back, the while continuing to influence the men to greater effort. His son is killed in action and his example of fortitude prompts brash draft dodger Dennis Morgan to enlist in the Air Force. The story is also concerned with the problems of Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson, whose marriage has no firm footing until they acknowledge their responsibilities as citizens as well as individuals. (Warners)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

HOLIDAY INN
IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH
LADY IN A JAM
POSTMAN DIDN'T RING, THE
ROMANCE ON THE RANGE

scarce. Some of the new cotton fabrics look and feel like the softest kind of wool. They'll keep you smart and warm and patriotic, too. Then there are the new weaves made partly of aralac—that's a fibre made from milk—and when it's woven with wool you can't tell which is wool and which is aralac.

Miss Lewis has implicit faith, too, in the ability of American designers to give us beautiful clothes. She believes they have always had this ability, but while Paris reigned, they were shy about their own ideas. Now that America is the fashion center of the world, our designers are showing their originality and resourcefulness. The new restrictions will be no hindrance at all, thinks Miss Lewis, only a challenge to native ingenuity. From American designers, she believes, will come fashions better suited to our American way of life than Paris fashions could ever be.

Like most successful career women, Miss Lewis is blessed with good health and is fully conscious of its importance. Regular daily exercise and massage keep her fit and slender; week-ends in the country afford relaxation and a chance to wear her own delightful playsuits. In spite of her years of experience and hard work, one's predominating impression of her is of youthful eagerness, of great vitality and zest for life. It's easy to understand why Mary Lewis Fashions are synonymous with youth and smartness.

ISLAND ADVENTURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"Say, Gail, you—aren't really scared, are you?" he asked hesitantly. "I'll be right back."

"I'm not scared," she told him quietly, hoping that she might be really speaking the truth.

"Why, I don't believe you are," Les said, as if the discovery had somehow surprised him. "You're a good egg, Gail." Which, if a somewhat inelegant tribute, caused Gail's already fast-beating heart to accelerate a bit more.

Les was as good as his word, and within a few minutes he came wading hurriedly back through the waist-high water, to join her on the flooded porch.

"I brought both paddles, in case anything happened," he was beginning, when something in the intentness of the girl's attitude, staring through the murk at the beam of light she had focussed on the canoe, halted him.

"Oh, Les, you can't!" Gail said. She stopped, choking a little. Her hand was shaking and the light swung around and made a big golden circle on the cabin's side.

Les, his eyes following the light involuntarily, stiffened to incredulous attention. In the golden path on the cabin wall, at least six inches of muddy shingles showed just above the heaving water line.

"The water's gone down!" Gail cried, pointing—quite unnecessarily.

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"Half a foot already!" Les checked it solemnly, still in that low tone of wonder and dazed relief. "I never thought to look when we came out—dumb bunny that I am! Well, I guess I won't need to go canoe riding this morning, after all. The crest of the flood must have gone by soon after the rain stopped."

He looked at Gail, grinning happily, but she didn't smile back. Her face was sober as she jerked at the stern rope and swung the little craft about until, in the shifted light of the torch, they could both see plainly the uneven, jagged gash that punctured its green-painted side.

The hole was above the water line as the canoe rode empty, but the weight of even a single paddler aboard would have made of it so deep and swift a leak that the little craft must inevitably have sunk.

"I discovered it while you were inside," Gail murmured. "I was trying to tell you that you couldn't go, when we saw that mark on the side of the cabin. It—it doesn't matter

now, Les. Don't look like that," she begged at the expression that came over his face. "Can't you patch it up, later?"

"Oh, it's not that," the boy said huskily. "It just sort of struck me all of a heap, somehow. I'd been counting on using that canoe, all night. But with that hole in her, if—if the water hadn't gone down, there wouldn't have been any help for us, you know." He shivered.

"I know," Gail said feelingly, without looking at him.

"And you didn't say anything, or make a scene," Les went on. "My hat's certainly off to you, Gail. For a city girl, you—you're just about it."

In the darkness, Gail's chin went up and her eyes shone happily. Of course she hadn't actually done anything special, but it was pretty nice to know she'd—well—measured up to what Les had expected of her in an emergency. The alarms of the night, now they were safely past, were already beginning to take on the rosy glow of adventure.



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SKY-BLUE TRAILER

"That's what has been making my ears burn so much lately, I guess," said Joe. "I knew somebody must be speaking ill of me."

"Now, Joe, I didn't say a single bad thing."

"Honest, she brags about you more than I do," Eggs assured him.

"Do you, Minty?" asked Joe. He really wanted to know, but Minty made up a little face and said, "Don't bother me with questions."

They found Mary, Glen, and Mr. Johnson behind the livestock building with Ginger, the young mare.

"Say, she's a beauty," cried Joe, more interested in the horse than the introductions.

"Yeh," said Mr. Johnson, looking up at Joe with gloomy interest. "You got an eye for a good horse, eh?"

"You bet I have."

"Well, she's in trouble right now. This kid of mine ran her onto some barbed wire."

"Gee, Dad, I didn't mean to," said Glen mournfully. "It's her first fair, and how did I know she'd be scared of the merry-go-round? They ought not to leave wire lying around here, anyhow."

"This Glen," said Mr. Johnson, indicating his small son with a not-too-friendly thumb, "he's a chicken fancier, but he's no hand with horses."

Eggs looked at the high and mighty Glen and, seeing him almost reduced to tears, she felt very sorry. "He's awful good on a Ferris wheel, Mr. Johnson," she said. But this did not seem to cool Mr. Johnson's resentment in the least.

"Let's see where she's hurt," suggested Joe. There was a jagged tear down the filly's hind leg, dangerously near the tendon.

"I been washing it out, but it doesn't look any too good. I wanted to enter her in the races on Saturday, but I guess that's out."

"I don't know," said Joe. "This is only Wednesday. If it's properly cared for—"

"Joe's a doctor," added Minty.

"A horse doctor?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"No," said Joe, laughing. "I'm not any kind of a doctor, really, but I'm going to study to be one and I know a few things."

"He saved Pop's life last year," cried Eggs.

"Well, what would you do with Ginger's leg now?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"I'd use a good antiseptic solution on it,"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

said Joe, "two or three times a day. I'll tell you what to get, if you don't know, and then I'd keep her walking, quite slowly, to keep the muscles from stiffening up."

"I know who you can get to ride her," offered Glen. "That girl they call Wildcat is just nuts about exercising people's horses for them."

"I don't think Ginger ought to have anyone on her back," advised Joe. "She ought to be led."

"Oh, gee, I s'pose I'll have to do it then," muttered Glen.

"No," cried his father, "you'd leave her tied to a fence while you went off galavantin'—I know."

"I wouldn't, either!"

"Well, it's happened," his father told him sternly.

"Let me take care of her, Mr. Johnson," offered Joe. "I haven't anything to do here, until the fair is over and the Sparkes family are ready to go back to Minneapolis. There's nothing I'd like better than to have a patient."

"I can't afford to pay you much," said Mr. Johnson reluctantly, "and I know you'd rather be seeing the fair. That's the trouble with Glen here. When he's at home there's nobody more reliable, but when he's at the fair—well, the only thing you can rely on is that he'll feed his bantams."

"I'm kind of funny, I guess," said Joe, "but if there's a chance to do some doctoring, I'd rather do it than eat, or sleep, or look at any old fair that was ever invented." He rubbed the filly's satiny nose gently with his finger, and she nodded her head as if she approved. "You'd really be doing me a big favor if you'd let me help you with her, Mr. Johnson."

In a moment it was all settled and Glen had been dispatched to the drug store in Riverview for the proper remedy.

"It's just like Joe to go and get a horse-doctoring job," complained Eggs as the girls finally walked away, leaving Joe and Mr. Johnson with rolled-up shirt sleeves mixing antiseptics and heating water. "He hasn't even seen the two-headed calf, or Madame L'Enigma, or watched Zip paint a picture."

"Never mind," said Minty, "he's having the best time he can have. Didn't you see how happy and excited he looked?"

(Continued on page 41)



"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS, VII—drawn by ORSON LOWELL

Win a prize by naming this Comic. For rules, see page 47. The winner will be announced in October.

SKY-BLUE TRAILER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

"We don't care about boys and horses anyway, Minty," said Mary, squeezing Minty's arm. "I've been wanting to tell you about the girls' style show they're going to have, and I haven't had a chance to do it."

"The style show?" cried Minty. "Oh, are they really going to have one?"

"Yes, they are. There's a sign posted in the Women's Building. It's going to be Friday afternoon."

"What's going to be Friday afternoon?" They looked around at the sound of a new voice, and there was Wildcat walking along behind them.

"Well, hello! I didn't know you were there," said Minty.

"You do now," replied Wildcat. "I've been watching you with that horse. Is this the girl who owns her?"

"My father does," said Mary.

"Got a horse in the family and I bet you can't even ride," scoffed Wildcat.

Minty kept down her temper as best she could. "This is Mary Johnson," she said. "Mary, I want you to meet Wild—I mean, Sadie Smith."

"Sorry I haven't my calling cawds," said Sadie, crooking her little finger, "but I'll tell you how it's spelled—S-A-Y-D-E S-M-Y-T-H-E. Remember that, will you?"

"I'll try to," said Mary, very much impressed by Wildcat's grand manner.

"It sounds just the same as if it was spelled S-A-D-I-E S-M-I-T-H," commented Eggs.

"You better have your ears examined," advised Wildcat. "Now what's all this about Friday afternoon?"

"Your ears are working all right, I see," commented Eggs dryly. She crooked her little finger and added an imitation of Wildcat's grand-lady voice. "If you will kindly excawse me, ladies, I shall retawn to my place of business."

"Please don't pay any attention to her," apologized Minty. "We were talking about the girls' style show on Friday afternoon, Sadie."

"I'm going to enter a plaid gingham dress I made this summer," said Mary. "It probably isn't very good, but I think it would be all kinds of fun to be in a style show."

"How much do you have to pay to enter?" Sadie asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Mary. "You just have to register with Miss Kingman, the County Agent."

"Well, what do you get out of it then?"

"Why, a lot of fun, of course," said Mary, "and everybody sees your dress—and you see all the other dresses and how they are made. If you win a prize, you get a blue ribbon and a chance to go to the State Fair and be in the big style show there."

"Is that all?"

"Well, the winner usually gets her picture in the paper—you know, a photographer from the paper comes out and takes it, just as if she were a movie star or something."

"Oh!" murmured Wildcat.

"My goodness," cried Minty. "Think of that! Wouldn't it be fun to see it?"

"Why don't you enter something, Minty?" asked Mary. "Didn't you tell me you had a suit?"

"Would they let me enter it? I don't live in this county."

"I could ask Miss Kingman. I'm sure she'd let you. It's open to any girl who sews."

Minty was excited. "I never thought of entering my own suit," she said.

"You mean that suit you showed me?" asked Wildcat. Her voice was full of scorn.

"Why, yes," said Minty, surprised at the girl's tone.

"Let's go see it," cried Mary. "You've never shown it to me, Minty. I'll bet it's real good."

"I've seen it," said Wildcat loudly. "It makes me laugh to think of it—that old thing! Don't invite me in to look at it again."

Minty's face went very red as if someone had slapped her on both cheeks. "I won't," she said in her quiet voice. "No, you needn't worry. I won't."

"What's the matter with that girl?" Mary asked, looking after Wildcat who was making one of her sudden departures after disturbing everybody. "I never saw a girl who behaved like that."

"I don't know," said Minty shortly. The tears were smarting her eyelids, but she winked them angrily back. Surely she'd seen enough of Wildcat's bad manners so this should not hurt her.

"Well, come along," urged Mary. "I do want to see your suit."

They went into the trailer and Minty shook the precious green velveteen out of its tissue paper and held it up.

"Oh, Minty, it's darling. Why, I never thought it would be so nice. I wish I'd made it myself. If you enter it, it will win a prize, Minty. I'll ask Miss Kingman if you can."

Minty smiled wanly at Mary, but she had nothing to say. Somehow the beauty and sense of achievement had gone out of the green velveteen suit. It looked lustreless to her and the cut rather awkward as she held it up for Mary's inspection. It was not that Mary's friendly admiration lacked warmth, but that Sadie's unexpected scorn had suddenly done something to her own feeling about it. She tried to tell herself that the opinion of a girl like Wildcat did not matter. But, somehow, it did.

Joe came back to supper at the trailer, full of enthusiasm for the Johnson filly. "Say, but she's a beautiful animal—and good-tempered, too. The stuff we put on her cut must have hurt a lot, but she took it like a lamb. Mr. Johnson held her head and we just talked to her quietly and sensibly, as you would to a person, and she'd jump a little and shiver all over, but she was more reasonable than a lot of human patients are."

"So you've got another patient, eh, Joe?" laughed Pop.

"That's right, Pop. She's a high-born lady, and such a beauty that I've already fallen in love with her."

"Blonde or brunette?" asked Zip, coming in on the tail-end of the conversation and only hearing that Joe had fallen in love with a lady.

"Brunette," said Joe, "with four white feet and a star on her forehead."

Zip looked so bewildered for a moment that everybody had a good laugh at his expense. "A horse laugh," Eggs called it.

After supper they sat around the campfire for a long time, catching up on the things which had happened to all of them since Joe and the Sparkes family had parted company in the early spring.

At last Pop yawned and stretched. "Well, Joe, I expect you'd like to turn in," he said. "The fair won't quiet down for another hour



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AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS

Dear Girls:

This week I have had a letter which I should like very much to answer. It is from a subscriber to THE AMERICAN GIRL, and it asks some questions which are important. But I can't answer the letter because the writer didn't sign her full name, just her nickname, and she didn't give her street address. I am taking this way, therefore, of reaching her and of speaking to you at the same time, for what the letter says has meaning for a great many girls.

The girl who wrote the letter (whom we will call Betsy, which isn't her name) asks for an article in the magazine on reducing. She says she is almost fifteen years old, is five feet tall, and that she weighs a hundred and thirty pounds. She has a fairly nice figure, but would like to lose about twenty-five pounds. Betsy tries to be like the other girls, she says, but they "just don't like fat girls."

Betsy's hair is long and her way of wearing it, in braids, is not becoming to her chubby, round face. She brushes her hair faithfully—it is nice hair—but she wishes she knew how to fix it more attractively. She is sensitive about her hair-do, which she feels is old-fashioned, as well as about her weight.

Now let's consider these two problems. Let's take up the question of reducing first—and I can't say too strongly that reducing measures are dangerous, especially for young people, and should never be attempted except under a doctor's orders. Many a young person has contracted tuberculosis, or some other serious illness, from reducing without medical advice. So if you are over-weight, girls, be sure to have a check-up from your family doctor. If your extra weight is due to glandular disturbance, you need treatment; and if it is simply chubbiness due to your age, don't let it get you down. Girls who are roly-poly during adolescence are quite likely to thin out when they are older.

There are, however, things you can safely do to keep your weight down. Take the matter of exercise, for instance. Do you bike or hike, or get some other form of exercise in the open air? Exercise will help—but don't overdo it. Remember that fatigue is the warning sign to slow up and rest.

And there is the matter of sweets, too. You might cut out a few of those ice-cream sodas, though you must not cut out all sweets, by any means. You need them for building up energy. Sugar rationing will be a help to you there. You'll get enough to keep you healthy, but not enough to increase your weight.

The average girl should eat an egg and several fresh vegetables and fresh fruits daily—and should drink a quart of milk every day, too—in addition to the bread, butter, whole wheat cereals, meat or fish she eats. These foods will give her the vitamins needed for a healthy body. She cannot, safely, cut any of them out.

And right here I want to say a special word to Betsy, herself. Don't believe it if anyone tells you that "Nobody likes a fat girl." Fat girls are often very cute—and popular with both boys and girls. Probably you only imagine that the girls don't like you, but if it's really true, read Helen Grigsby Doss's article, *Friendship and the Girl Scout Laws*, in the October, 1941 issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Lots of girls have found it helpful. If you haven't that issue yourself, you'll probably find it in the school library.

Now about up-to-date hair-dos: There is an article, also by Helen Grigsby Doss, "Does Your Hair-Do Suit Your Face?" in the January, 1942 issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL which suggests hair styles for different types of faces. Betsy's face is round—maybe a pompadour would be a good style for her, to make her face seem longer. Or, if possible, she might have her hair bobbed at a good beauty parlor and treat herself to a permanent wave. She probably looks sweet now, with her glossy braids, but I know how she feels. However, braids have come back into style—they are Virginia Weidler's favorite hair-do, and you know how attractive she is. So better give some thought to braids before you have them cut off.

Well, girls, I'm glad Betsy wrote me, especially about reducing, for I think the time had come to talk that matter over with you all. Good luck to you, whether you are Bouncing Besties or String Bean Susies. I'll be seeing you!

The Editor.

or two, but after all we're livin' here, not makin' whoopee. Zip and me sleep in the tent here, and there's plenty of room for your bed roll at the foot of ours."

Minty got up with a little gasp of resolution. She had been more quiet than usual this evening as if she had something on her mind. "Joe," she said, "before you go to bed, will you look at something I made, and tell me what you honestly think of it? Two people have told me different things about it, but I know I can depend on your opinion."

"Sure, Minty. My opinion isn't worth very much, but I'd like to see what you've made. If it's as good as your cookies—"

He followed her into the trailer. "Don't you even shut your trailer door when you're all outside like this?" he asked.

"Of course not," said Minty. "Why should we?"

"Well, there are all kinds of people at a fair, and so much noise going on—"

Minty drew her precious box from under the bunk. "It's a suit. I made it to wear to school," she explained as she lifted the lid. With Joe looking on, she began to feel proud of her work once more. Off came the cover and top layer of tissue paper. Then Minty paused, a look of horror spreading across her face.

"Oh," cried Minty. "Oh!"

There was nothing in the box but tissue paper. The green velveteen suit was gone.

(To be continued)

HOW OWL CAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

cataract took up the last words of the Great Spirit, and as it roars over the cliff, it echoes, "Forever—forever—ever—forever."

Blue Jay and the Gitchee listened awe-stricken for a little while. Then Blue Jay said, "That's nothing to what you can do, Gitchee. Show us what a real thunder noise is like."

So the Gitchee spread his legs, shook his feathers, his wings, and his tail, took a deep breath, blew out his crop, and began, "Wa wa wa waaaaaab!"

But the river flowed steadily on, and no one but Blue Jay knew that anything had happened, or that any sound was being made except by the great cataract.

Blue Jay, however, cried out, "Wonderful! Glorious, Gitchee Okokohoo! How do you do it? If only you could put a little more ginger into it, the river would give up and go out of business."

The Gitchee was willing to believe this flattering comment, and he prepared to try again. He fluffed out his feathers, blew up his crop, and took two or three short breaths. Then, at his loudest, he bawled out, "Wab-wab-wab-boooo!"

Blue Jay, in apparent admiration, exclaimed, "Oh, oh, Gitchee! I can hardly hear myself think. Oh, Gitchee, that was marvelous. Oh, oh, oh! Why—the river did stop for a bit. That I saw with my own eyes. Now just a little more pep in it, then good-by to the river. And you'll be the only big noise on earth."

The Gitchee prepared for one more effort. He shook his feathers so fiercely that he jarred the rock loose. It fell down soon after and lies there today, a monument to the puffed-up Gitchee.

As the mighty bird was blowing up his lungs and his conceit for one more try, he

heard a snicker behind him. It sounded like mockery, and he turned in sudden anger. He saw nothing, yet the sound continued, always behind him. Whenever he turned, the mocking "He, he, he!" was heard, and soon it dawned on the great Gitchee that all the little birds in the trees were laughing at him. They were deriding his conceit and his folly—trying to match Niagara!

He began to suspect that he was making a fool of himself. As he realized this, he began to feel very small. And as he felt small he began to grow small. Smaller and smaller he grew, until at last he was no bigger than a baby partridge.

Then he heard Blue Jay snickering at him. He turned angrily and shouted, "Do you dare laugh at me?"

But oh, my, how that Blue Jay had grown! He was now bigger than the Gitchee. "Laugh at you?" scolded Blue Jay. "You miserable little down-covered pill, I'll swallow you!" And the huge Blue Jay came at him with open beak.

The Gitchee turned to fly for safety, but Blue Jay came after him, snapping his bill, and the little Gitchee fled as fast as he could. There was only one way open—across the great cataract, through the steam and the spray.

He flew across, with Blue Jay right behind him. Reaching the other side, he sought to find a hole in a pine tree for refuge. There were no holes in the pines, but near by was an oak in which a flicker had dug a nesting hole. The poor, scared little Gitchee got in just in time, as Blue Jay came up and grabbed him by the tail. The Gitchee pulled in and Blue Jay pulled out, the Gitchee pulled in and Blue Jay pulled out, until the struggle was ended by the tail feathers coming out. Blue Jay got the tail, but the Gitchee was safe in the hole.

Blue Jay sat back and cried out, "Never mind, I'll get you sooner or later, you miserable little runt! You'll have to come out and face the music."

But the little Gitchee did not come out. He crouched in the hole until the sun went down and darkness came. Then Blue Jay had to go home to bed.

Finally the little Gitchee peered out. The road was clear, so he ventured silently forth. He was so thirsty. Well, that was easy—he went down to the river and got a drink. Then he realized that he was hungry. He flew far and near through the woods, and at last he found a baby mouse. Mighty glad he was to get it, although the day before he had been eating whales in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Then back to his hollow tree he flew. When the sun came up, there was Blue Jay, waiting for the Gitchee to come out. But he did not come.

The two have kept up their feud ever since. When you hear a great racket of Blue Jays in the woods, you may be pretty sure they have found the Gitchee and are trying again to catch him. But he is no longer the Gitchee Okokohoo that means "Mighty Owl". He is the Peeta Okokohoo, that means the "Littlest Owl," scarcely bigger than a sparrow, so scared of everything that he never ventures out in daytime but hides in a cave or hollow tree. His voice is no longer like a cataract going over a cliff, but like the dropping of water—*tink, tink, tink*.

The Indians, when they hear it, say, "There he is, the littlest owl! Once he was the greatest of all living things, but now he is the meanest and the timidest, because he forgot the Great Spirit."



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"I Hear a Horse Laughing"

OR

"The Mite and the Mighty"

— WINNERS —

OF THE "NAME-YOUR-OWN-COMICS"
CONTEST FOR JUNE

Four hundred and eighteen girls submitted one thousand, one hundred and seven titles for the fifth "Name-Your-Own Comic" drawing by Orson Lowell, published in the June issue. First place is tied between Carolyn Swift of Bloomfield, New Jersey, for "I Hear a Horse Laughing" and Barbara Fillingham of Neosho, Missouri, for "The Mite and the Mighty". Carolyn and Barbara will each receive a book as a prize.

Other good titles were: "Jack, the Giant Puller", "Take Your Foot Off the Brake," and "Keep 'Em Rolling."



Who's Who...
and WHOSE?

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MORE ABOUT SPECTACLES

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY: I so much enjoyed reading the letters in the June issue, as almost all have to do with those contraptions called spectacles. Joyce Hunter and Anne Mannings, bless their hearts, have brought up something I feel strongly about and have started quite a debate. I agree with their point of view entirely and see that several other girls do, too.

I am fifteen and very, very nearsighted, and astigmatic in addition. That means I must wear strong, thick specs for all purposes, at all times. I have known all about specs for ten years, but I do not like them any the better for that. I believe I have quite nice features and pretty hair. When I sit before the mirror to brush my hair and fix myself up, I squint at my blurred reflection and think "not so bad." But then the specs, glittering evilly, seem to speak up from where they are lying close at hand on the dresser and to say, "We'll fix you!" And do they!

It is no use pretending we are not handicapped, because we are. Last year a play written by a teacher was staged for the principal's anniversary. I was to act an amusing part, a personal maid, "if you can do without your glasses." As I did not want to make a fool of myself, or fall off the stage, I had to step aside. Now, I ask you, if a maid cannot wear spectacles, how can one argue that "people do not pay any attention to them"?

Edith Graves

A STANCH DEFENDER

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA: I want to tell everybody how much I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It is really one swell magazine. Our articles on travel and famous personages are interesting and educational, and our stories are swell.

After telling all that because it is true, I am going to open up that controversy over wearing glasses. (Sorry, but I have to put my penny's worth of nothing in!) I have been wearing glasses since I was in the sixth grade, and I am now a graduate from high school. I was very nearsighted and I have had my glasses made stronger. I think that horn rims (not the flesh-colored ones) are terrible on anyone, but the ordinary rims do not detract from your own personality formed when you were a baby and still being formed. I enjoy friends and I enjoy swimming, but if those friends who know that I wear glasses think that I ignore them when I am in swimming, they wouldn't be very near the top of my list of friends.

Now in behalf of the people who need

A penny for your thoughts



glasses but don't wear them, I am going to tell them that they look worse squinting and frowning to see, than they do with serene brows and glasses which are becoming—for they are making them now so they are becoming! I need my glasses and I like them so well that if someone offered me a million dollars for them, I would tell him no—because I would not ruin my peace of mind and ruin my eyes for all the money in the world.

Lucy Hayes

SUPPOSE THERE WEREN'T ANY

WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA: Girls who complain about wearing glasses should stop and think. What would happen if there were no glasses?

I have been wearing glasses for five years now and my eyes are still failing. I am nearsighted (very) and by the time I am grown my eyes will be very weak. But I am thankful that I have glasses to wear, even if they are a bother, because otherwise I would be blind now and I am only fourteen. Think it over, girls!

Nancy Graham

GOOD ADVICE

RICHMOND HILL, NEW YORK: I hope that this letter gets on the *A Penny for Your Thoughts* page as I wish to say something to the girls who wear spectacles. I am fifteen and am in the third term high. I have worn glasses since I was in the fifth grade. Until about the second term of high school I was self-conscious about my glasses. Thank goodness, I got over that! Since the beginning of this term, when I got over my inferiority complex, I have made more friends than I ever did before. Then, because I ignored my glasses, I had more fun than you can imagine. As Mary Lou Meixner wrote in the June issue, "resign yourself to the fact that you have to wear specs, then forget all about them and everyone else will, too."

Marie Koubsky

GLASSES ARE A HELP

UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY: I just wanted to say that since so many girls are discussing Anne Mannings's and Joyce Hunter's letters, I thought I would write my bit.

I wear glasses and so do six other girls in my class. I think I am very lucky to be able, in money matters, to buy them. I couldn't get my work done if I did not have them.

Before I got my glasses I was doing very

poorly in my lessons. Now, with them, I am one of the first in the class. I even think that glasses are no drawback to good looks. The prettiest girl in my class wears glasses—and some girls say I myself look nicer with them.

Of course I will not go to extremes and say I love them, to make myself feel good—because, of course, I would rather not have them—but I think Anne Mannings and Joyce Hunter take the gloomy side of the glasses problem. (They are really no problem.)

Joan Bacchini

LOOKING OLDER

LONDON, OHIO: I have been looking over my back issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I came across Joyce Hunter's letter in the January issue and Anne Mannings's letter in the March issue—and I entirely disagree with them on the subject of glasses. I have rimless glasses and many of my friends (male included) tell me I look older in them. That is something dear to every girl who is just ready to pop over the thirteen-year mark. You see, I read so much I had to get glasses.

I used to wear them only for reading. One day one of my friends dropped in. She told me she didn't know me, as I had my hair fixed differently and my glasses on. She said I could easily pass for sixteen. Well, it gave me so much courage I wore my specs to the next party. Everybody said I looked older and asked me what I had done to myself. I, therefore, feel that glasses are no drawback.

Eleanor Liller

NO HANDICAP

EL PASO, TEXAS: I have just been reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts* in my June *AMERICAN GIRL*. I think that all this quibble about red hair and glasses is silly. I wear glasses and I know several girls who have red hair—and we all agree that these tales about what terrible handicaps they are, are goofy. It's all in the person's mind. If you don't notice that you have glasses, no one else will, either. I have worn glasses for five years, and will have to the rest of my life, and I don't feel they are a handicap at all. They have become a part of me. I'm so used to them that when I fall out of a tree or something, I hardly even think of my glasses—I merely rub my bruises and proceed on my way. Glasses become people with long faces—and I happen to have one so I guess I'm lucky. Of course I have my low moments concerning glasses, but I soon recover.

Mary Jo Bennett

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

LISTENING TO BEETHOVEN

HIGHLAND, CALIFORNIA: When I received a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL, two years ago, it did not occur to me that I could become so wrapped up in any one thing. There is only one criticism I have to offer—the magazine should be at least five times as large as it is now.

Could we possibly have more stories and articles about composers, singers, and symphony conductors? Some day I hope to write biographies of my favorite composers—Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, and Debussy.

Each time I hear the heavenly voice of Richard Crooks I have a desire to do something inspirational.

I live on an orange ranch in California and go to school in Redlands. I was truly amazed to learn that Helen Grigsby Doss resides in that town.

There is only one thing I like to do as much as writing stories and listening to Beethoven. That is playing tennis. The genius who created that delightful game deserves much praise and credit.

My hobbies are collecting books, post cards, rocks, stamps, swimming, playing tennis, hiking, and studying history and geography. I am quite proud of my book collection which numbers three hundred volumes, all of which I have read over and over.

I am saving all the letters I receive now, so that in another twenty or thirty years I can attempt a novel around the "last world war," based on incidents found in my letters and in my war notebook and diary.

Lots of luck to a wonderful magazine!

Patricia Draper

SWING MUSIC

BRADY, TEXAS: At last THE AMERICAN GIRL is mine, to share with millions of others! I've read it constantly before, but imagine my delighted surprise when I received a note telling me that I was to have it as a gift!

I like THE AMERICAN GIRL because it talks about just what I like to know. I'm very fond of fiction, and the stories are all I care to read in most magazines—but I read everything in THE AMERICAN GIRL. My hobbies are journalism and music. I have taken piano lessons for nearly eight years and I enjoy the piano a lot. I still like swing music, though my music teacher doesn't approve!

I'm fourteen years old and a sophomore in Brady High School. Our town is a nice-sized place, I think.

Virginia Bell

HORSES

COHOCTON, NEW YORK: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and I received another subscription for Christmas. At first I didn't think it would be very interesting—and I never read the articles—but now I enjoy every bit of the magazine.

I am a First Class Girl Scout and I think Scouting is just super. I really believe that THE AMERICAN GIRL has helped me in it and kept up my interest.

I am fourteen and a sophomore in high school. Since I like reading, writing, and music, English and harmony are my favorite subjects.

About two years ago my sister and I had our first ride on horseback. We both liked it so well that we continued until we have become fairly good riders. I love horses and enjoy to the utmost anything in relation to

them, so I would be very glad if some articles or stories on this subject were published in our magazine.

Cohocton has a population of only about a thousand, but I prefer it to the bustling and confusion of large cities. It is the home of the Larowe Buckwheat Mill, the largest of its kind in the world.

Of all the magazines I have read, I like ours best.

Patricia Crosby

DORIS'S POEM

FINDLAY, ILLINOIS: I wrote a little poem for our magazine in which I tell the truth. In the second line, "I feel like a fox" means that I am frisky and excited as a fox when a chicken is sighted. You may print it if you like.

The American Girl

When an AMERICAN GIRL lands in my mail box,

I'm so happy I feel just exactly like a fox!
I take off the wrapper and look at the cover,
Leaf clear through it, and show it to Mother;
I read Bushy and Lofty, and Lucy Ellen,
Advertisements about readin' and buyin' and sellin'.

It's a very nice magazine, all in all,
But my year's subscription ends this fall.

Doris Lucile Roney

"BUGLES FOR HAWAII"

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA: I have just read my June issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I like *Bugles for Hawaii* because it tells how much the Girl Scouts did when Japan charged in on Hawaii. If the war ever reaches here, I hope we can do as much as they did.

I am now thirteen years old and I have become a Girl Scout this year. I have lots of fun being a Girl Scout.

Kathryn Hammond

REGULAR GIRLS AND BOYS

BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA: A little over a year ago, on my twelfth birthday, to my great joy I received a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL. And ever since then I have read and reread each copy.

Our articles on clothes, hair styles, and different occupations are very helpful. And one thing that makes this magazine the swell one it is, is that the characters in the stories are just regular American boys and girls.

My hobbies are playing the piano, horseback riding, and reading. I also like to sing, but people just about die when they hear me—so I guess I'd better leave that alone.

Nancy Terry

TIBET

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: This Christmas I had THE AMERICAN GIRL given to me. I enjoyed it very much.

My ambition is to be an archaeologist and explore Tibet. I don't know why Tibet appeals to me, but perhaps it's because you aren't permitted to go there.

I am thirteen and in the eighth grade. I will be very glad to start to high school in September.

My hobby is collecting bells—which may seem strange, but it is a hobby that sounds nice when rung. I am not a Girl Scout, but I think the Girl Scouts are doing wonderful work. I would like to be a Scout, but things are at present too unsettled.

I would be glad to see more letters from English girls in the magazine—I am interested in England and India because my grandfather, whom I never saw, lived there.

Lenore Corey

DIFFICULT MODEL

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for one year, and I think it's the best magazine there ever was. It is very helpful in many ways. The stories are lovely, but there are not half enough of them.

I am eleven years old and a Girl Scout, and I do not know of any other club or organization half as nice as the Girl Scouts.

My hobbies are stamps, collecting flowers, and drawing. Please put another article in about art. I like to draw pictures of animals, especially my cat Flopsy—but it is so hard to draw him because he moves so much.

Joy Ann Popp

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

GREAT NECK, NEW YORK: I have received THE AMERICAN GIRL for a little more than a year. I used to live in the Virgin Islands, but last year, during August, my father came to me with a very sad face and said he was going to send me away to school.

I lived on an island called St. Croix, about twenty miles long and ten miles wide. The Virgin Islands belong to the United States, but we mostly speak Spanish. My mother gave me THE AMERICAN GIRL for a Christmas present in 1940. I have enjoyed it so much that I wanted it again this year, and I will want it always.

Now I live with some friends. I have three brothers. I am thirteen years old and a freshman in high school. I collect stamps and pictures of movie stars. I enjoy letter-writing very much.

I am a good one for horseback riding, swimming, and boating. I had my own boat in the Virgin Islands.

Patricia Benedict

SCHOOL IN DAKOTA

PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years. I think it is the best magazine published for teenage girls.

I am a First Class Girl Scout, thirteen years old and in the eighth grade.

In the eighth grade there are three Indians and four whites. In our Girl Scout Troop there are five Indians and six whites. Last spring the pottery teacher at the Indian boarding school helped us with pottery. We have also had help with soap carving.

I have gone to the Black Hills for three years.

Lois Nelson

THE SPARKES FAMILY

YORK, NEBRASKA: I have only been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL a few months and think it is wonderful. My favorite characters are Yes-We-Can Janey and Bushy and Lofty.

I like the story *The Sky-Blue Trailer* best. I hope you will have more stories about the Sparkes family. Their stories seem so true to life and keep me wondering what's going to happen next—that's why I like them.

Please make the stories about *The Sky-Blue Trailer* longer and thanks for a swell magazine.

Mary Ellen Samson

FAVORITE COLD DRINKS of the STARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

minutes over a low fire. Stir while simmering to prevent scorching. Cool, pour into a pint jar, cover, and keep in the refrigerator until needed.

Either of the two chocolate syrup recipes given above may be used in drinks such as these:

DEANNA'S ICED CINNAMON COCOA

Into each glass put 2 tablespoons of chocolate syrup and a dash of cinnamon. Fill the glasses with cold milk, stir well, and serve.

DEANNA'S CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK

For each serving:

2 tablespoons chocolate syrup
1 cup cold milk
1 tablespoon malted milk powder
Ice cream (if desired)

Beat chocolate syrup, malted milk, and milk together with a rotary or electric beater until smooth. (A beverage shaker or mixer may be used if you have one.) Pour into cold glasses and top with a large spoonful of vanilla ice cream.

Both of the above recipes are delicious ways to flavor plain milk, and so are the following recipes of Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and Judy Garland:

SHIRLEY'S FRESH ORANGE MILKSHAKE

For each serving:

½ cup cold orange juice
1 teaspoon honey
½ cup cold milk
1 drop orange extract (if desired)

Mix ingredients thoroughly in a cold bowl, using a rotary or electric beater. Pour into cold glasses and serve at once.

SHIRLEY'S GRAPE JUICE MILKSHAKE

For each serving:

½ cup cold grape juice
1 teaspoon honey
½ cup cold milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Dissolve honey in lemon juice, beat in grape juice and milk, and serve immediately in cold glasses.

SHIRLEY'S PRUNE MILKSHAKE

For each serving:

½ cup cold prune juice
1 teaspoon honey
½ cup cold milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Dissolve honey in lemon juice, beat in prune juice and milk, and serve immediately in cold glasses.

JANE WITHERS'S BANANA MILKSHAKE

For each serving:

1 banana (well ripened)
1 cup cold milk
1 tablespoon malted milk powder
1 teaspoon honey

With a fork, mash the banana in a cold bowl. Add the milk, honey, and malted milk, and beat thoroughly with a rotary or electric beater. Serve at once in cold glasses. This is especially good when topped with a generous spoonful of vanilla ice cream.

JANE WITHERS'S PINEAPPLE MILKSHAKE

¼ cup crushed pineapple and juice
1 cup cold milk
2 large scoops vanilla ice cream

Put ingredients into a cold bowl and mix quickly with a beater. Pour into cold glasses. Serves 2.

Judy Garland's recipes call for buttermilk instead of sweet milk. If you never cared particularly for buttermilk before, try one of these:

JUDY'S HAWAIIAN BUTTERMILK

Ice-cold pineapple juice Cold buttermilk
Fill each glass about ¼ to ½ the way up with pineapple juice (depending upon your taste), then finish filling the glasses with buttermilk. This is extra delicious, and very refreshing on a hot day.

JUDY'S BUTTERMILK LEMONADE

1 lemon 1 tablespoon honey
1 pint buttermilk

Squeeze lemon, dissolve honey in the juice, and beat in the buttermilk. Pour into 2 cold glasses.

EVEN more cooling than the milk drinks given above, are the different kinds of punch and other beverages having a fruit base. These not only make ideal refreshments for summer entertaining, but are also good ways to help you get those eight glasses of liquid you need every day. Deanna Durbin likes fruit drinks for keeping cool on sticky "dog days," and here are some of her favorites:

DEANNA'S LIME RICKEY

For each serving:

1 lime ½ to 1 tablespoon sweetening syrup
¾ cup carbonated or ice water

Cut lime in half, remove seeds, and squeeze juice into a cold glass. Add the lime rinds, water, and syrup. Serve with ice and straws, if desired.

DEANNA'S HONEY LEMONADE

(Serves 20)

1 dozen lemons 1 gallon cold water
1 pound honey 1 pinch salt

Squeeze lemons into a large container. Stir in the honey until dissolved, then add ice water and salt. Serves 20 persons.

DEANNA'S GRAPE LEMONADE

3 lemons Sweetening
3 cups ice water syrup to taste
1 pint grape juice

Squeeze juice from lemons, add to other ingredients, and serve with ice cubes. Serves 6.

DEANNA'S MINT COOLER

3 lemons Sweetening syrup to taste
3 cups ice water Several sprigs of mint
1 pint ginger ale Green vegetable coloring

Squeeze lemons into a large pitcher, add mint and crush lightly with a wooden spoon. Add water, ginger ale, and syrup to taste. Add a few drops of green coloring, just enough to give the beverage a pale green tint. Mint leaves may be used for garnishing, if you desire. Serves 6.

Virginia Weidler has three favorite fruit punch recipes that you will also like:

VIRGINIA'S FRUIT PUNCH

Juice of 1 grapefruit 1½ quarts (6 cups) cold water
Juice of ½ dozen oranges 1 pint (2 cups) pineapple juice
Juice of ½ dozen lemons 1 pint ginger ale
Pinch of salt Sweetening syrup to taste

Combine ingredients in a gallon punch bowl, and add more water if desired. Ice blocks, for keeping the punch cool, may be made in your refrigerator by freezing solid trays of ice without using the partitions for making cubes. Makes 3 quarts, which will serve 15 average-sized glasses, or 35 small punch cups.

VIRGINIA'S CIDER PUNCH

2 quarts sweet cider Juice of 2 lemons
1 pint orange juice Sweetening syrup to taste
1 pint cold water Ice block

Combine ingredients in a gallon punch bowl with a block of ice. Makes 3 quarts, which will serve 15 average-sized glasses, or 35 small punch cups.

VIRGINIA'S FRESH STRAWBERRY LEMONADE

3 lemons 1 cup stemmed and washed fresh strawberries (or 1 cup bottled strawberry juice)
3 cups cold water
1 pint ginger ale
Sweetening syrup to taste

Squeeze lemons, and add the juice to the ice water. Crush the strawberries well, using a fork or potato masher, and add to the lemonade. Add just enough syrup to sweeten, and put in the refrigerator for at least a half hour for flavors to blend. When ready to serve, add the ginger ale and pour at once into cold glasses. (Ice cubes may be added to each glass.) Serves 8.

BABY SANDY is fond of orange juice, pineapple juice, and all the delicious fruit nectars—apricot, plum, nectarine—that you can now buy so conveniently canned. Her favorite fruit drink is this one her mother makes for her:

APRICOT AND GRAPEFRUIT PUNCH

2 (12 oz. size) cans apricot nectar (3 cups)
1 (No. 2 size) can grapefruit juice (2½ cups)

Put cans in refrigerator overnight before using, to completely chill the contents. Combine juices and serve. Serves 8 persons.

Another of Baby Sandy's favorites is this delightful combination:

CARROT AND PINEAPPLE JUICE

Combine equal parts of chilled carrot and pineapple juice. The carrot juice may be freshly made if you have a special juicer for raw vegetables and fruits; otherwise you can buy this sweet, tasty juice in cans.

Two of Shirley Temple's favorite summer fruit drinks are made with orange juice:

SHIRLEY'S ORANGE FRAPPÉ

1 pint orange juice, chilled
1 pint orange ice

Combine the ingredients in a cold bowl and beat until blended. Serve immediately. No ice is needed in this drink. Serves 4 to 6 persons. (1 pint of ginger ale may be added, and will make enough to serve 8 persons.)

SHIRLEY'S EGG-NOG

For each serving:
1 egg 1 pinch salt
1 cup orange juice, chilled

Beat the egg and salt together, beat in the cold orange juice, and serve immediately.

(Continued on page 48)

LAUGH AND GROW SCOUT



High Pressure

A super-salesman was selling automatic milking machines. One of his prospects was a farmer who owned only one cow.

The salesman was so good that he sold the farmer two milking machines and took the cow as a down payment.—*Sent by J. MADELYN ROSE, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.*

Too Much

"Young man," said the employer, "do you save ten per cent of what you earn?"

"No sir," said the young man. "My whole salary is not that much."—*Sent by ANN MARIE KRANTZ, Omaha, Nebraska.*

The Prize-Winning Joke



Very, Very Strong

"Look, Daddy," said a six-year-old. "I pulled this cornstalk right up, all by myself."

"My, but you're strong," said his father.

"I guess I am, Daddy! The whole world had hold of the other end of it."—*Sent by MARTHA YATES, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

In General

OFFICIAL: Are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country, Mr. Olsen?

SWEDISH FARMER (applying for citizenship papers): Yah, sure.

OFFICIAL: And does the Government of our country suit you?

SWEDISH FARMER: Well, yah, mostly—only I lak to see more rain.—*Sent by ELINOR WEHL, San Antonio, Texas.*

Lonesome

A little boy, seeing two frolicsome puppies playing together, said to his mother, "I wish I were two little puppies."

His mother asked, "Why do you want to be two?"

"So I can play together," answered the boy.—*Sent by BARBARA ANNE NICHOLS, North Adams, Massachusetts.*

Obvious

FLEA: Why do moths eat holes in rugs?
SECOND FLEA: To see the floor show, of course.—*Sent by GOLDIE HIGHLEY, El Monte, California.*

Homesick

BOY: Hey, Mom, I'm homesick.
MOTHER: But, Son, you're at home.
BOY: Yeh, but I'm sick of it.—*Sent by MARY BRUNO, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*



Of Course

MRS. BLACK: Isn't your son rather young to be in the Army?
MRS. WHITE: Yes, but he's in the Infantry!—*Sent by NANCY ELLETT, Silver Spring, Maryland.*

Simple

BESS: What do you do with your old clothes?

TESS: That's easy. I take 'em off at night and put 'em on in the morning.—*Sent by INEZ JAUCH, Springfield, Oregon.*

Sad Story

A painter who lived in Great Britain Interrupted two girls with their knitain; He said with a sigh, "That park bench—well, I 'Just painted it, right where you're sittain."—*Sent by BEATRICE VEVEAUX, Cattaraugus, New York.*

Here's the Recipe for COOKIES made with BABY RUTH CANDY BARS

CUT IT OUT FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE

½ cup butter, or other shortening	1½ cups flour
¾ cup white sugar	½ teaspoon soda
1 egg	½ teaspoon salt
2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth bars, cut in small pieces	½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients. Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Makes 75 cookies.

See 4-color Back Cover Curtiss Candy Company Advertisement in This Issue



BUY TWO 5c BABY RUTH Candy Bars and try these cookies today!

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Rules for the "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for this month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic on page 40 will receive a BOOK as a prize.

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many titles as she chooses, but please print the titles on separate slips of paper and include with each title, on the same slip of paper, your name, address, age, and date. When a title submitted by more than one person proves to be the winner, the prize goes to the entry received first. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, c/o THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed by August fifteenth. The winners will be announced in the October issue.

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WHEN STAMPS are your HOBBY

By OSBORNE B. BOND

TWO new United States postage stamps have been issued since this column last appeared in our June issue. On July fourth, at Washington, D. C., the Post Office Department placed on sale a special three-cent stamp printed in purple ink, to symbolize the Nation's war effort and victory goal. It is officially known as the "WIN THE WAR" stamp and it has for its central design the American eagle with its wings outstretched in the form of a large V. Encircling the eagle are thirteen stars. It is most fitting that a stamp of this nature should have been issued for the first time on the anniversary of American Independence.

Three days later, on July seventh, in Denver, Colorado, a new five-cent stamp was issued to commemorate the five years' resistance of the Chinese people to Japanese aggression. The central design of this new stamp shows a contour map of China, with a sun with triangular rays superimposed and portraits of Abraham Lincoln and Dr. Sun Yat-sen in oval frames at the left and right, respectively. The inscription, "July 7, 1937-July 7, 1942," in two lines is engraved inside the sun, and between these dates appear four Chinese ideographs representing Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's war motto, "Fight the war and build the country." The inscription, "Of the people, by the people, and for the people" is placed beneath the portrait of Lincoln. Chinese ideographs representing this quotation's adaptation by Dr. Sun are placed under his portrait. They mean, "The people are to have, the people are to control, the people are to enjoy."

The first announcement of this stamp was made early in June and came as a complete surprise to many experienced collectors. It marks the first time that the United States has commemorated philatelically the contemporary struggle of any foreign power, and the first time an inscription in any language other than English has been used on one of our stamps.

Postmaster General Frank C. Walker, in announcing the stamp, said that Dr. Sun was



selected as a subject for the major design because he is "so symbolic of the new China which he founded in 1911-12" and because he is a "patron saint of the Chinese people in their battle against tyranny and oppression." Lincoln's portrait was included because his principles inspired Dr. Sun in his struggle for an independent China thirty years ago.

Dr. Sun, the son of a poor farmer who had been converted to Christianity by London Missionary Society workers, was born near Macao, a Portuguese island colony in South China, in 1867. In 1891 he entered the newly established medical school in Hongkong, and three years later was its first graduate. His political career began about that time when, through the influence of a fellow student, he joined a secret society organized to overthrow the Manchu dynasty. In 1895 Dr. Sun was involved in a revolutionary plot for which his associates were put to death, but he escaped.

He was in Denver on October 11, 1911, when he received word that his efforts to free China had finally succeeded and that he should return immediately to aid in the organization of the Republic. It was because of his residence there that Denver was selected for the stamp's initial sale.

FAVORITE COLD DRINKS of the STARS

Chocolate sodas are Mickey Rooney's favorite summer drink. Did you know you could make them right at home, without the aid of a soda fountain?

CHOCOLATE SODA

For each soda:

- 3 tablespoons choco- Carbonated (plain
- late syrup soda) water
- 3 tablespoons cream Vanilla ice cream

Put the chocolate syrup and cream in the bottom of a tall iced-tea glass. Pour into the glass enough carbonated water to fill it about three-fourths full, and stir vigorously. Add a generous ball or spoonful of ice cream and two straws. Serve at once. (Canned chocolate syrup may be used, or you may make your own with Deanna Durbin's recipes at the beginning of this article.)

Bonita Granville's favorite carbonated beverages are made with root beer. Here are two of them:

BLACK COW

Cold milk Bottled root beer, iced

Fill each glass about half full of cold milk, then finish filling with the root beer. This is another good disguise for plain milk, when the family wants variety on hot summer evenings.

ROOT BEER FLOAT

Vanilla ice cream Bottled root beer, iced

Put a large scoop of ice cream in the bottom of each glass, fill up with root beer, and serve with long-handled spoons.

IN PLANNING cold drinks, don't overlook the delicious and healthful beverages which can be made from vegetable juices. Tomato juice (which is usually included in the vegetable classification), celery and carrot juice, for instance, are good either plain or in various combinations. Most vegetable juices are given added zip when a few drops of onion or lemon juice are added before serving.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Here are some of Gloria Jean's favorite vegetable drinks:

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

- 4 cups juice 1 small garlic bud (if
- ½ teaspoon salt desired)
- 1 dash pepper 1 or 2 slices onion
- 1 slice lemon 3 whole cloves
- ¼ cup chopped celery leaves

Put all the ingredients into a large bowl, cover tightly, and let stand in the refrigerator for three or four hours.

Strain and serve. Makes 6 to 8 small glasses. (This is good not only as an appetizer to be served just before a meal, but it is also a welcome change from sweet things when served with butter crackers or cheese crackers as evening refreshments.)

TOMATO AND PINEAPPLE JUICE

Mix equal parts of chilled tomato juice and pineapple juice. This combination will be a tasty surprise.

EVEN during the hottest summers there will be cool early mornings, or evenings that tend to be a bit chilly, when a cup of steaming hot cocoa will taste better than any cold beverage could possibly taste. Here is a recipe for cocoa made with corn syrup, to satisfy that need:

HOT COCOA

For each 2 servings:

4 teaspoons cocoa 1½ cups rich milk
2 tablespoons corn Pinch of salt
syrup
½ cup boiling water ¼ teaspoon vanilla

Put the cocoa into a saucepan, add the hot water slowly, and stir into a smooth paste. Add the corn syrup and simmer over a low fire for 3 minutes, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Stir in the milk slowly, and heat almost to the boiling point. Remove

from the stove, add the salt and vanilla, and beat until frothy with an egg beater. Serve immediately.

Honey-sweetened whipped cream, or a marshmallow in each cup, is a pleasant addition to this recipe.

PROPORTIONS FOR LARGER AMOUNTS OF COCOA

To serve 6:

¼ cup cocoa
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup corn syrup
1 quart milk
1 pinch salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

To serve 12:

½ cup cocoa
3 cups boiling water
¾ cup corn syrup
2 quarts milk
2 pinches salt
2 teaspoons vanilla

Top each cupful with whipped cream, or a marshmallow. For variety, one or two dashes of powdered cinnamon may be sub-

stituted for the vanilla flavoring. Canned milk, partly diluted with water, may be substituted for fresh milk. To reheat cocoa, pour through a strainer into another kettle. Heat slowly, and beat with an eggbeater before serving.

SACCHARINE, a coal-tar product sold by drugstores in powder or tablet form, is from 300 to 550 times sweeter than sugar, but it has no food value. If you need sweets for energy or food value, use honey or corn syrup as substitutes for sugar.

If you do use saccharine for sweetening beverages, it is best to add it just when you are ready to serve. Cooking saccharine brings out a bitter, unpleasant flavor. Add only tiny amounts at a time to avoid over-sweetening. Usually, one ¼-grain tablet of saccharine gives the same amount of sweetening as a teaspoon of sugar.

A GOWN FOR QUEEN CAROLINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"Miss Mary, she say a lil' Chinese princess watch at silkworms spinnin' right pretty in her Pappy's garden. An' she say, 'Look a yere, Pappy.' An' old King look an' he say, 'Go long wid you, child. Dem is jes Chinese spinnin' worms.' An' she say, 'Dat ain' no lie, Pappy. Dey is spinnin' silk to make me a fine new coat. I's gwine steppin'.' So you see," finished Shoo-fly conclusively, "silkworms does spin, Mammy."

"Well," Mammy conceded grudgingly, "call dem what you wants to. But what dey is, is quality spiders. Here's de dish lickins, honey."

After that Mary herself tended to the dreaded duty of plunging the cocoons into the hot water. At such times Shoo-fly, hovering about, would say sadly to the worms shivering in the drying cocoons, "Res' from your labors, chillens. Hit's like you done make you'self a sweet chariot. And now you is daid, sho' enough."

IT WAS William McIntosh who showed Mary the new fort when it was finished. He had spent so much of his time with Indians that he had a rather poor opinion of girls. When he exhibited with pride the four new brass cannon, he was surprised that Mary knew how to load and shoot.

"Father showed me how, with the four pounder," she explained. "But I'm not very good at it yet," she added honestly. "I'm apt to shut my eyes when I fire."

William's face was quite changed when he smiled. He cocked his sandy head in a friendly, intelligent way that made you think of a collie. So, encouraged by that brief rift of sunshine in William's gloom—though not much encouraged because he had gone right back to looking as dour as before—Mary chanced a more personal interest. "William, do you like it here?"

"Aye."

"I mean in Georgia."

"Georgia's bonnie."

"When I think of England," Mary said, "I keep remembering the tiny daisies with pink rims, low in the grass. What do you think of, William, when you think of the Scottish Highlands?"

"Heather."

Mary sighed. Instead of opening up expansively about peaks and glens and lochs, he was closing up again like an oyster. "What I mean is," she confided, "it's all different here. And the warmth makes you want to be lazy. We haven't many comforts, and the mosqui-

toes are a nuisance. And I get scared sometimes. And yet I wouldn't go back even if I could, would you?"

William shook his head, but after that it seemed to Mary he looked rather less grim. And he actually paid a visit to the silkworm cabin and looked with interest at her work. "I once thought a lass was apt only at her spinning wheel," he said.

"Well, my spinning's done for me, and Mrs. Musgrove weaves the wool on her loom. But I'm learning how to make bandages, William, and Father's showing me how to put them on. He thinks I'm quite handy at that. A girl ought to be, especially if her father's a doctor."

Mary was sorry she had mentioned the bandages, because William had promptly turned grim again. Bandages brought him unhappy thoughts, she knew.

Before going away he said briefly, "I ken you're a Joan of all trades."

Not long after that conversation something completely thrilling happened to Mary Jones of Wormsloe. Her brother Wimberley brought the news of this exciting event to her where she knelt in the walled garden, gathering kitchen herbs. Mary liked the kitchen garden. The herbs had pleasant spicy smells that attracted the bees, and their names held a hint of romance. Good King Henry, sweet marjoram, and basil.

Today there was a good deal of coming and going around the beehives on the low brick wall, roomy-looking domes built up snugly in tapering layers of bound reeds. Ephraim, Shoo-fly's pappy, was an expert at making them. He took orders for beehives from all the settlement.

BUT the order Wimberley brought news of, wasn't for mere beehives. It was for silk, and it came from Whitehall Palace in London.

"You're joking, Wim."

"No, I'm not. It's all here, signed and sealed." Wimberley showed her the paper. Yes, there it was, Queen Caroline's order on Wormsloe for the silk for a new gown, a gala gown in which to celebrate her birthday.

"Wait until Father sees this!" cried Mary. Gathering up her herbs and her long green skirt, she ran toward the house so fast her brother had difficulty keeping up with her.

The Captain was deep in a wing chair, and even deeper in a book. Hearing her call, "Father, Father dear! Where are you?" he sighed. He loved books, and it was so seldom

he found time from his duties to read one.

Mary sat down on the arm of his chair, straightened his gray wig which was always slipping sideways, and said, "You tell him, Wim."

"Wormsloe has just received a court order," Wimberley said. "Here it is, Sir."

Through his steel-rimmed glasses, the Captain beamed at his capable daughter. "Do you think you can get together that many cocoons, Mary? They run about three thousand to the pound of raw silk."

She nodded. "I'm sure I can, Father."

There were never more carefully served silkworms than those which were to provide the royal gown. When at last, their lengthy banquets completed, the worms began the odd swaying motions that showed they were ready for the twigs to which the cocoons were fastened, even Polly seemed pleased and Shoo-fly could hardly contain herself. "Dance, chillens!" she cried. "Dance and shake yo'selves. Mis' Mary, look at des yere spinsters! Hit's like dey know dey is havin' a pow'ful important honor."

Polly shrugged. "The Queen of England is only a squaw. My brother Meletatche is Chief of all the braves."

"Meletatche is a great warrior," Mary agreed amiably, "but the Queen has many warriors, and many squaws who serve her gladly."

But there it was. Mary felt a growing distrust of the half-breed girl, which Polly did nothing to discourage—though she did attend capably to her duties. It seemed to Mary that she herself couldn't know a completely unworried moment until the silk was out of her hands. And whenever word came, as it still did now and then, of an attack by Indians or Spaniards on a Georgia plantation, she felt sharply worried about the safety of her precious silkworms.

At last the cocoons were spun, dipped, dried, and ready for counting. Shoo-fly held her breath while that careful counting went on. Suppose there weren't enough? Would the Queen's train be skimpy? It didn't bear thinking of.

Mary loved handling the queer, dainty, feather-light things, shaped and colored like the eggs of a thrush. In London they would be unwound and their silk thread woven into lovely, lustrous fabric. On the Queen's birthday, her silken gown would gleam in the light of hundreds of scented wax tapers. It seemed a long way from Colonial Georgia, with its

rough living, to stately Whitehall Palace.

Every effort was made to keep the Queen's commission a secret, but Mary hadn't succeeded in doing so. First everyone on the plantation, and then in the whole Colony, knew about it. The fame of Wormsloe's silk was spreading. William came to caution her about that. The silk would be a rich prize for some plundering band of Spaniards—and with the Captain and Wimberley away from home, there was even more danger than usual of Indian raids.

"Yes, I know," Mary said. "But it's Polly I don't quite trust. She might do something mean. I've hidden the cocoons till Father and Wim return to see about shipping them."

"Where are they hidden?" William asked.

Mary considered a moment before answering. Then she decided to tell him. Aside from the niceness of sharing a secret with William, it might be wise for him to know where the cocoons could be found.

"Where should they be? Think, William!" Her glance went to the hives on the garden wall and William followed it. Surely there were a couple of new hives among them. He nodded emphatically.

Even the canniest thief wouldn't think of looking in the beehives. But the thought of trying to hold the tiny fort against an attack on the plantation, without the Captain or Wimberley, wasn't pleasant. Mary made a list of things Father had told her to do in case of an attack, and what order to do them in.

For nearly a fortnight after Captain Jones and Wimberley had ridden away, things had been disarmingly quiet. Mary was reading *Robinson Crusoe* one afternoon under the pear tree in the herb garden. She had settled herself, with Inigo cuddled against her shoulder and the others in a half circle around them on the grass, when she heard hurrying footsteps and looked up to see William running toward them. He explained, panting, that he had seen six canoes coming up the river. William knew Mary Jones well by this time, or he would have broken his news more cautiously.

Mary caught a quick breath. "Spaniards or—or Seminoles?"

"Both. I don't think they're soldiers. They're after plunder."

"Well, they shan't have my silk. And they shan't have any other plunder, either."

She was on her feet now. They were all on their feet, waiting for orders. "Shoo-fly, ring the bell for the field hands. Ring it hard. Tell them to come to the fort." That would sound an alarm to the scouts, too. "Polly, tell your Mother and Mammy—"

But Polly was running for the woods. She never even glanced back.

"Come here," William roared and started after Polly, but Mary stopped him. If Polly wanted to desert now, let her go. It was one of the pickaninnies who took Mary's orders to the kitchen, and Inigo who ran for his father's pistols.

Then they went to the fort. In a few minutes Mammy and Mrs. Musgrove came hurrying in, carrying between them a pot with live coals in it.

"Here come the others," William said, counting heads. "All told, we're sixteen. I'm glad your father built the bastions out over the river this way. They won't be easy to scale."

The embrasures of Fort Wimberley were covered, and so was the powder house, but the rest of the fort was open to the sky. There was a well in the enclosure. Mary doled out the powder and shot, and stationed the gunners with a man behind each one to help with the loading and to replace him if he were wounded or killed.

Then, while they waited, Mary bowed her head. "Please, God," she said, "help us to hold Fort Wimberley." When she opened her eyes again, she felt calmer. Warm and excited, but less frightened. She thought, "We're not all English, but we're every one of us Americans."

"Some of us here used to be Scotch and some English," she said, looking about the little company of the defenders. "Some of us came from far-away Africa—and Mrs. Musgrove has always lived in America. But what we're doesn't matter. Our home is here."

She could see they liked that. So she went on, "Outlaws are coming up the river to steal and plunder. We can't let them land here at Wormsloe. If they do, they can surprise—and maybe take—the whole settlement. General Oglethorpe says he's changing its name to Savannah. The Spaniards would tell you that 'savannah' means a grassy flat. But we know it stands for freedom and fair laws."

"So," finished Mary, reddening a little because now there wasn't the least doubt of William's approval—he had said, "True for you, lass," right out loud—"so we're going to hold the fort, please God."

After that, they all felt easier. Even when the canoes came gliding through the narrows, no one flinched. And when Mary gave the signal, the cannons roared. Their first broadside upset two canoes, killing or wounding several of the surprised outlaws. But others, the Indians screaming their war whoop, came

on to the attack. Mary never knew how long the fight lasted, the grim loading and firing. Here and there, through slits in the fort's walls, she caught glimpses of dark, bearded faces—and red, nearly naked bodies. Once a shower of flame-tipped arrows came over the wall, close to the powder house, and she helped stamp them out. Ephraim got an arrow in his knee and she dressed the wound.

The defenders kept getting wounded. William had a bullet in his shoulder. It was frightening.

Mary's arms ached from lifting the heavy cannon balls, and there was a black streak across her face. They weren't going to lose. They couldn't lose. But they were being surrounded. Mrs. Musgrove took William's place. Perhaps she was ashamed of the way Polly had deserted them.

Mary picked up her father's pistol, poked it through a loophole, and fired. An Indian, trying to scale the wall, dropped and lay face down in the river. He wasn't dead. Someone lifted him and put him into a canoe. Mary was glad she hadn't killed him. Glad, too, that he was wounded.

She went to William and washed his bleeding shoulder, and bandaged it.

"It was worse at Fort Moosa," he said. "It was a lot worse. They burned the fort over our heads. Don't you surrender, Mary Jones. You hold on."

Mary faltered, "But I don't know how I'm going to hold on."

It was at that very moment the Creek war whoop sounded, and Meletatche and his braves—who had been creeping round the outlaws—came swarming from every direction to relieve the besieged fort.

When the outlaws saw themselves outnumbered, they clambered into their canoes and paddled away. Fort Wimberley was safe. And the Queen's silk was safe, too, in the dummy beehives, among the hives on the garden wall.

Mrs. Musgrove spoke with pride. "My son is a brave chief. He brings his warriors. It is good."

Mary could see it all now. It had been Polly, of course, who had hurried to bring help. She reproached herself bitterly that she had doubted the half-breed girl.

When Captain Jones returned, he was so proud of Mary's defense of Fort Wimberley that, in his will, he provided that Wormsloe should always by inheritance descend to the oldest daughter. And both of his sons approved. They agreed that girls like Mary Jones, gay and capable and brave, were what the new country needed.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—WILLIAM J. GLACKENS—1870-1938

WILLIAM GLACKENS began his art career drawing for the Philadelphia papers. He was born in Philadelphia, where his forbears (English-Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch) had lived for many years. He attended the public schools and, before his graduation from Central High School, had begun to display pronounced ability and an interest in drawing which led him to enroll in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Later he shared a studio with Robert Henri, also an individualist and a realist.

Glackens made his first trip to Paris in 1895, remaining for a year and a half and exhibiting in the Paris Salon. (Many years later, in 1937, he received the Grand Prix, the highest award given an American painter.) On his return to America, he settled in New York and resumed his illustrative work, drawing for the *New York World*, the *New York Herald*, *Scribner's*, and *McClure's* (for which magazine he was sent later to Cuba to make a pictorial record of the Spanish American War.)

In 1903, he married a fellow artist, Edith Dimock, of Hartford. He delighted in his two children, Ira and Lenna, and often used them as subjects. He was interested in the liberal movement in art, joining with other artists of similar conviction in forming a group

known as "The Eight," taking an active part in the famous Armory Show of 1913, and serving as first president of the Society of Independent Artists in 1916-1917. Several of his paintings, not heretofore exhibited, were shown in the Society's 1939 show. The Whitney Museum in New York that year held a memorial exhibit, showing the artist's work for the past forty years.

Glackens's early work was low in key, employing browns, grays, and blacks. Later, when he had become interested in the feeling for light and color of the French Impressionists, his canvases glowed with brilliant color. His many pictures of scenes in New York and near-by parks and beaches are realistic and essentially American and holiday in spirit—sparkling waves, blue skies, gay crowds disporting themselves. Guy Pène Du Bois calls the infectious gaiety of his pictures the "picnic spirit." His subject range is wide—portraits, landscapes, and still life, especially glowing flower motifs. He has received numerous medals and awards, and his work has been purchased by many museums. He was a member of the National Academy and had the honor of being elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

M. C.



**Good things to read—and an article on how to can good things to eat—in the September issue of
THE AMERICAN GIRL**

- ★ There's the cover above, but this black-and-white reproduction does not begin to indicate how gay the colors are; the stripes behind the girl, who is so industriously studying her nutrition list, are red and white, while the title of the magazine is printed in white against a blue background. Yes, you've guessed it! It's patriotic to think about what you eat and to know what foods furnish the most nutriment. That's why you'll want to read the article **Of Course You Can!** by Adria Aldrich, which tells you how to can the produce of your Victory Garden.
- ★ Have you ever wished on a star? Penny did—on a falling star—and her wish came true in a way she couldn't foresee in **Wishing on a Star**, a Western story by Margaret Leighton.
- ★ Every girl dreams about her future, but to realize a dream demands a special kind of genius. In **Girl With a Dream** Latrobe Carroll tells how Katharine Cornell, first lady of our stage, has succeeded in living hers.
- ★ When Jinny championed Bonita and her painting, in spite of the scorn of the other members of the young people's art league, she precipitated a storm, but in the calm that followed her judgment was vindicated. Read about Jinny and the other students in **Storm Over the Art League** by Phyllis Whitney.
- ★ Other good things in this issue are: An Indian creation tale, "The Wisdom of the Terrapin," by Julia M. Seton; a page of new crochet and knitted fashions; an article on how to make over your old clothes; a legend about the fabulous "Island of the Seven Cities" by Catherine Cate Coblenz; and another entertaining installment of "The Sky-Blue Trailer."

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

★ **MARJORIE MAXWELL**, author of "Island Adventure" (page 8), had her first story printed in *St. Nicholas* when she was eleven years old. That early success made her determine to become a real author when she grew up—an ambition which she has achieved in full measure. In addition to writing many books and stories for young readers, she has, at various times, been sub-deb editor, fashion editor, and party editor for national magazines. *Sh-h-h*, we'll let you in on a secret! Marjorie Maxwell is only a pen name . . .

★ **FRANK DOBIAS**, who drew the pictures for Miss Maxwell's story, was born in Austria, studied art in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Munich, Rome, has twice circled the globe—but now is content to stay at home on his Pennsylvania farm. He has a studio overlooking a beautiful valley which he is eager to see populated with horses, cows, chickens, and ducks. He became an American citizen some years ago and has illustrated more than fifty books . . .

★ **ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG**, whose poem, "The Toilers," appears on page 11, has had more than three hundred poems published in periodicals since her graduation from college in 1931. She lives in California; has a year-and-a-half-old son, John Michael Tibbals—nicknamed Johnny Mike—for whom she has already begun a stamp collection; and in the time left over from being poet, housekeeper, and "baby-taker-care-of" she writes children's stories for her own amusement and illustrates them herself . . .

★ **LAURA ELLSWORTH**, who writes about Mary Lewis on page 12, is a woman advertising executive in a large New York agency. She and her husband have a New Jersey farm to which they escape from city life on week ends . . .

★ **ROBB BEEBE**, illustrator of the Dilsey story on page 20, has been drawing Dilsey, and her friends Meg and Phyl, ever since stories about them first appeared in the magazine. He lives with his family in Ridgewood, New Jersey, and spends a good deal of his time illustrating books by his favorite author who happens also to be his wife. Most convenient, he assures us! . . .

★ **FRITZ EICHENBERG**, chronicler in skilful pen line of the delightful doings of the Sparkes family in "The Sky-Blue Trailer," was born in recently bombed Cologne, Germany. After graduation from art schools, he traveled as artist-correspondent in France, Italy, England, Central America, and the United States. He fell in love with this country on one of those trips, he says, and hastened to bring his wife and little girl to America. He has illustrated some twenty-five books for foremost American publishers, several of which have won him special honors. His work is his hobby, he admits, especially wood engraving. And what is his chief enthusiasm? Being an American citizen!



For your picnic . . .



DON'T CUT THIS OUT
FOR YOUR INFORMATION ONLY

BABY RUTH COOKIE RECIPE

1/2 cup butter, or other shortening	1 1/2 cups flour
3/4 cup white sugar	1/2 teaspoon soda
1 egg	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth bars, cut in small pieces	1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients. Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Makes 75 cookies.

So you won't have to destroy this cover, you'll find a complete recipe for cookies made with BABY RUTH CANDY BARS on Page 47.

bake these surprise COOKIES

• **MORE FUN!** Just watch the crowd go for these crisp, crunchy, chewy cookies . . . with that deliciously *different* flavor!

• What's the trick? Just cut up two BABY RUTH Candy Bars into the batter . . . and you get the marvelous Baby Ruth blend of caramel, chocolate, peanuts and Dextrose, food-energy sugar. Everyone will vote it a super-cookie!

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BUY TWO
5c BABY RUTH
Candy Bars and try
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